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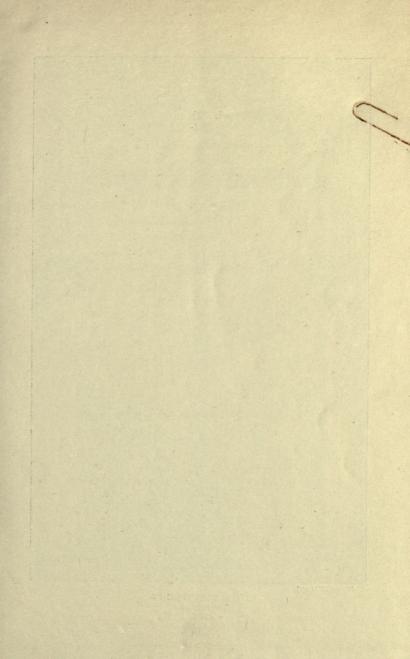
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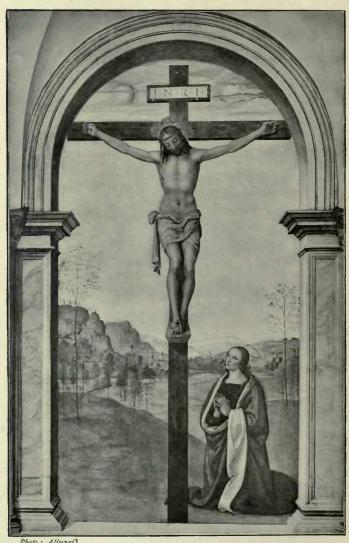


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THE CRUCIFIXION (BY PERUGINO)

IN WATCHINGS OFTEN

ADDRESSES TO NURSES AND OTHERS

BY THE VEN.

E. E. HOLMES, B.D.

ARCHDEACON OF LONDON

WITH A PREFACE

BY

EDWARD KING, D.D.

LATE LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN

WITH A FRONTISPIECE

ELEVENTH IMPRESSION

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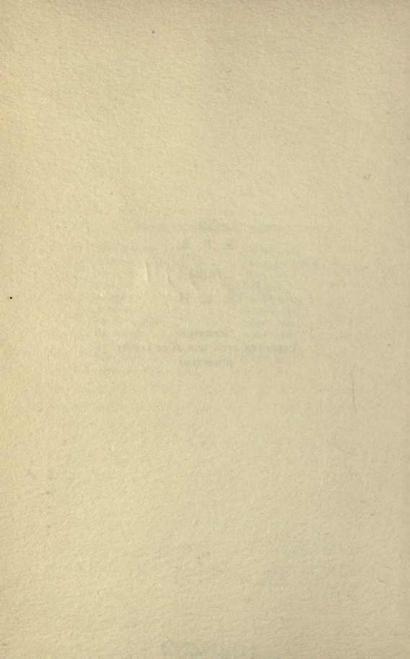
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E. F. R.

FROM

E. E. H.

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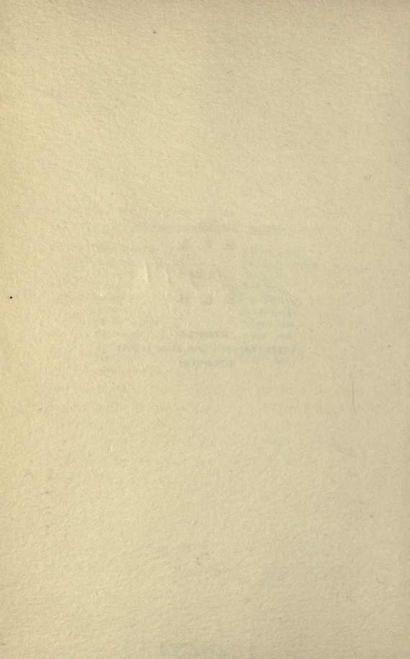


PREFACE

I HAVE been asked to write a few words of Preface to these addresses. I should naturally have declined to do so, as such words cannot be needed from anyone, much less from me. Canon Holmes's own spiritual experience, and his life as Chaplain to the late great Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Stubbs), to his excellent predecessor, Bishop Mackarness, and to the good Bishop of Cape Town, are amply sufficient guarantee for the usefulness and authority of his words. I have, nevertheless, written these few words of Preface in proof of my gratitude for the example of the lives of the members of the Guild of St. Barnabas, and for their prayers, in which I have been permitted to have a share.

The Guild of St. Barnabas was founded in 1876, almost thirty years ago. It has now nearly 3,000 members. It is indeed a remarkable and great work.

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In the general progress which has gone on in our age, the science of Medicine and Surgery has kept well in advance. A new responsibility has conse-

quently fallen upon Nurses—more knowledge is required of them, more skill, and senses finer and more educated. With this increased responsibility and work, there is all the more need for spiritual support and guidance.

As a Nurse's life is necessarily very exacting, the opportunities for attending Religious Services, and even for private Devotion, must often be interfered with. Some special simple Guild Rules are consequently of great value, and times for special Religious Instruction and Devotion, such as are offered on a Quiet Day, or in Retreat, are found to be a great assistance. It was on such occasions that these addresses were given. The tone of them is deeply spiritual and yet very practical. They show a remarkable insight into the religious wants and difficulties of life, and are full of excellent spiritual advice and common-sense.

Two passages may suffice to show the general teaching of the addresses. One passage is from the address entitled "Deus Clinicus," "The Sick-bed God": "Only so long as we recognise God—'Deus Clinicus'—as the sole source and end of all Medical Schools and Nursing Institutes, can we faithfully discharge our great commission, and write on the tablets of history the true story of the nursing profession."

The other passage runs: "'God helps those who help themselves'; but I think He loves best to

help those who can't help themselves. Learn to be still. 'That same night' (and what a night it was!) 'Peter was sleeping,' trying to get a good night, that he might the better play the man 'on the morrow.' When there is nothing to be done, rest. Prepare for what comes next."

These addresses, I hope, will be found useful by three classes of persons:—

- 1. By Professional Nurses. Such will find words of wisdom and encouragement, showing a wonderful insight into, and sympathy with, the dangers and opportunities of a Nurse's life.
- 2. By the large number of persons (Parents, Servants, and others) who, not being Nurses by profession, yet have Nurses' work to do, by night and by day, sometimes for many years.
- 3. By those who, being advanced in years, though not ill with any specific disease, find increasingly new opportunities of serving God, by patiently and cheerfully taking care of that body which God has entrusted to their own special keeping; thus to the aged, I hope, these addresses may be a delightful blessing.

These addresses have also, to my mind, an especial value from another point of view. They are addressed to persons who, though not called to be what is technically known as "Religious," have nevertheless to some extent come apart from the pleasures of the world, and are finding their satis-

faction in the Christ-like work of tending the sick and suffering.

Such lives (and, thank God, they are increasing both among men and women) are a precious evidence of the reality of spiritual things, and of their superiority to the pleasures of sense. Such lives are a proof to us of the truth of the words, "I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness."

May God grant to such persons grace to persevere in their good work, and finally to know the joy of the "surprise" of the saved, when they shall hear the gracious words of the Saviour addressed to them, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

May God continue to guide and bless the dear Chaplain of this Guild,¹ the giver of these addresses, our Guild members, and all others who may use these addresses according to His Will.

E. LINCOLN.

February 3rd, 1905.

1 The Rev. E. F. Russell

CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE—"	THE CRUC	CIFIXION,	" BY PER	UGINO.			AGE
PREFACE .		Tooler 1		e			vii
Introduction			,	,			xiii
DEUS CLINICUS				,			1
MARTHA'S CREED					1		11
MARTHA'S HOUSE						•	21
MARTHA'S WORK				· Miles			28
Holiness.		0					36
HARMLESSNESS			,				49
WHITENESS .							59
RELICS: (1) THE	CHAINS OF	ST. PE	TER	. 4	•		67
RELICS: (2) THE	INVENTION	OF THE	CROSS				76
RELICS: (3) THE	TRANSLAT	ION OF T	HE BODY	,			85
Morning.		,		USU TOP			93
AFTERNOON				. 1			104
Evening .							112
THE CRY OF HUI	MANITY						121
THE CRY OF THE	CHILDRE	N					130
THE CRY OF THE	ANGELS	,		1			137
THE VOICE OF I	ESUS						1.16

xii CONTENTS

						PAGE
THE HANDS OF	Jesus			٥ -		154
THE BLOOD OF	JESUS					162
OREMUS .						169
HEALTH, OR ST	г. Јони's	Wish				175
THINGS SACREI	AND SE	CULAR				184
SPIRITUAL COM	MUNION	90.5				188
THE BURNING	HEART					195
Hogarth's Pic	TURB AT	ST. BAR	THOLOM	ew's		203
REWARDS.					7.	211
SERVICE .						216
FAITHFUL AND	TRUE					226
NIGHT DUTY					-	231

INTRODUCTION

To the Nurses of the Guild of St. Barnabas1

THE following addresses were, as some of you will remember, spoken at the Annual Retreats which, at the bidding of your Chaplain, were given in the Chapel of St. John's House, one of the oldest nursing institutions in London, now under the superintendence of the Sisters of St. Peter's, Kilburn. They are gathered together from carefully taken notes printed in *Misericordia* (the Monthly Paper of the Guild), and are now revised and published at the request of the Guild authorities, and more especially at the wish of him to whom you and I owe such a big and delightful debt of gratitude, that any attempt at payment would lead to permanent bankruptcy!

Spoken words rarely read happily: they are like coals after the fire has gone out. Words addressed on special occasions and to special hearers, may well

¹ Full information about the Guild can be had from the Rev. E. F. Russell, 35, Brooke Street, Holborn, E.C., Miss Wood, The Nurses' Hostel, Francis Street, W.C., and Mrs. Gardner, 37, Bloomfield Terrace, Pimlico.

seem out of place when written on other occasions and for general readers. But just as the telegraph wires may be of service to the birds who rest upon them, though they were designed for another purpose, so may words spoken with one object be allowed to serve some wider interest. It is, at least, with some such hope that these "Retreat Notes" are offered, primarily to the Guild, and then to any who will read into them better thoughts than they contain in themselves.

Obviously, the thoughts which help are (however unconsciously) borrowed thoughts. "Considering how things circulate, each inextricably in Communion with all, the words I speak unto you are borrowed from all men since the first man began to speak." Space would, therefore, fail me if I tried to trace and acknowledge their authorship!

The mistakes, however—the dull mistakes, and uncorrected errors—can be easily traced; and as criticism is a perfectly delicious occupation, I can joyously enter into the pleasure it will give to others to mend what I have marred!

May I be presumptuous enough to echo, at a distance, the words written by your Patron, the Bishop of Lincoln, in one of those annual letters,

which we keep among our treasures:—"I do not know whether what I have written will be any help to you; but at least you will see that I am anxious to do anything that might, in however small a degree, make your good work better: May God continue to guide and bless you and those to whom you minister." 1

E. E. H.

P.S.—The title of the volume, *In Watchings Often*,² is naturally suggested by the lives of those to whom the addresses were spoken.

P.S. (2).—"The Guild now numbers nearly 4,000 members." October, 1908.

¹ Misericordia, January, 1898.

² 2 Cor. xi. 27.



IN WATCHINGS OFTEN

DEUS CLINICUS

(THE SICK-BED GOD)

T T is not without a meaning that the Guild of 1 St. Barnabas meets for Retreat in the Chapel of a Religious Community, for the story of Hospitals is very closely interwoven with the history of Religious Orders. The origin of hospitals for the sick dates, indeed, from pre-Christian days. Pity is a virtue born in and with the children of the Great Father; but when Christ came He transfigured the natural into the supernatural. Christianity at once consecrated and dedicated to "the Most High God" the royal gift of pity, and the Deus Clinicus of the Pagan became the sick-bed God of the Christian. Think of the story of the hospitals, of God, as "Deus Clinicus," the Sick-bed God, and of our own places, as Nurses, in the pages of the yet unfinished tale. Carry your thoughts back to the days of a dying paganism. Picture yourselves in the midst of some ancient city, Athens, Naples, Smyrna.

What is that vast and magnificent building lined within on either side with couches, over which are suspended curious-looking tablets? It is the temple of Æsculapius, the god of medicine: it is the public infirmary of the city. The tablets over the couches record the complaint of the patient, and the remedies used to heal him. The pagan priest bending over the couch is a priest of Æsculapius, and he is telling the sick man that the god will draw near as he sleeps, and will administer medicine to him in his dreams. The patient lying on the couch, in the expectation of a dream, is called a "clinic," or "sick-bed" patient; and the god himself is called by the Greeks "the dream-sending god," and by the Latins "Deus Clinicus," "the sick-bed god." Such seems to be one of the first chapters in the story of our hospitals.1

But we know that there can be but one true and only "Deus Clinicus"—that God who "Himself bare our sicknesses" and who promised His people of old "I will take sickness from the midst of thee." Years roll by. Christianity gradually wins its way in these old pagan cities, and adopts and consecrates, as far as may be, all that reflects, however distantly, the image of God. The temples of Æsculapius give place to Infirmaries attached to the houses of the early Christian bishops; the priests of the legendary "dreamsending god" surrender to the Priesthood of the true

¹ See Polity of the Christian Church (Pelliccia), pp. 535 sq. Ed. 1883. ² St. Matt. viii. 17. ³ Exod. xxiii. 25.

'Deus Clinicus"; clinics are told the love-tale of the Gospel, that "God hath visited His people" in no mere dream; and the tablets record, as before, the story of the sick or wounded body—that body which has become thrice sacred ever since the Great Third Day. And so the story runs along the centuries. The "Institutes of the Poor," in the Middle Ages, add their chapters in the tale of nursing, and we come, at length, to our own time and land; and in spite of many a throw-back, and much that is sad and sorrowful, we can feel the tender touch of "Deus Clinicus" all the way through. Take one instance only. When Henry VIII. suppressed the Monasteries, and with them, frequently, the Hospitals, a restraining hand-divine preserved two of our greatest Institutions, St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas', to the citizens of London, and thus kept alight the flame of public interest which burns more brightly to-day than it has burned for centuries. What a bright page London alone contributes to the history of hospitals! We think of Westminster built in 1719, Guy's in 1723, St. George's in 1733, the London in 1740, Middlesex in 1745, and many others of ancient and recent date, for every kind of disorder, for all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, and we feel that we too are making history, we too are taking our share in improving and handing on to the next generation that which has been handed down to us as an age-long trust.

Only, remember! There is but one way in which we can be true to our trust. Only so long as we recognise God—" Deus Clinicus"—as the sole source and end of all medical schools, and all nursing, can we faithfully discharge our great commission, and write on the tablets of history the true story of the nursing profession.

Consider, then, God manifesting Himself to us in Revelation as "Deus Clinicus," the "Sick-bed God," First, in the Old Testament. Two illustrations must suffice: (a) In the region of discovery, "The life of the flesh is in the blood,"1 "The blood is the life."2 May we not see here Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood suggested and foreshadowed? (b) In the region of sanitation. Whole chapters in Leviticus and Deuteronomy are devoted to minute instructions as to the person and clothing of the Jew. The prevention and treatment of infectious diseases are dealt with in Leviticus xiii., xiv., as clearly and practically as in the report of a medical officer of health in our own time; the specific details as to burning refuse "without the camp"; the complete isolation of the infected patient; the directions as to disinfecting the bedding, rooms, belongings, etc.-all these minutiæ tell of the guiding hand of the "Deus Clinicus," and the care He has for His people in the childhood of their history; all remind us that the Bible is not

¹ Lev. xvii. II.

only a Vade Mecum for the health of the soul, but also an inspired guide to health for the body. "The greatest sanitary engineer the world had ever known was Moses. The book of Leviticus was a treatise on Hygiene. The doctrines of Moses could be summed up in six objects of sanitation to-day, viz. pure air, pure water, pure food, pure soil, pure dwellings, and pure bodies."1 Then, in the New Testament. (a) God Himself now comes down to tend, to heal, and to nurse His suffering children. "Afterward did He show Himself upon earth and conversed with men."2 He comes as the Incarnate Healer; not only healing the broken-hearted, but mending crippled bodies, curing diseased frames, asking "wilt thou be made whole?" and then answering His own question by "healing" men and women, making them "hale" in the body as well as helping them to be "holy" in soul. Notice how all these words-health-halewhole-holy, come from the same root, and have the same meaning. Thus God became Incarnate to restore to wholeness and holiness that which was incomplete, diseased, and unholy. (b) Then, when He leaves the world, He entrusts this power of healing to others-His successors in the ministry of healing, giving them power to heal all manner of

² Baruch iii. 37.

¹ President of Sanitary Institution at Southampton Congress, Sir W. H. Preece. From Standard, August 30th, 1899.

diseases. Handkerchiefs and aprons, after touching the body of St. Paul, work cures on the sick.1 The shadow of St. Peter is used by the Great Healer as the means of recovery to poor clinics who were "carried into the street and laid on beds and couches, that as Peter came by at the least his shadow might overshadow one of them."2 True, these are miracles! but they are no more miracles than the same Great Healer works, when He gradually cures the sick in these days by medical skill or good nursing. The means are different, but the power and source are the same. Both come from the one only "Deus Clinicus." (c) It is this "ancient power" which is entrusted to nurses to-day -entrusted to you to be handed down to your successors, entrusted to the youngest probationer just as really as it was entrusted to St. Peter or St. Paul. It is the realisation of the fact that nursing is a trust from God, and that the power to be a good nurse comes from Him every bit as much as the power to be a good Priest, or a good Religious, or a good man of business, which makes it possible for you to hand down to others the nursing profession as a continuous part of Sacred History. It is the realisation of this fact which enables you to exercise loyally the gift of nursing among the very poor or the very rich: like St. Vincent de Paul, to be nursing to-day among the

¹ Acts xix. 12.

² Acts v. 15.

lepers and poverty-stricken, and to-morrow to nurse the Heir to the Throne—as St. Vincent went from the lazar-house to the death-bed of Louis XIII. In either case you are simply exercising a gift entrusted to you for the use of others.

There is, perhaps, one special lack which meets nurses to-day: it is a want of courtesy. In the routine and rush of life, the old grace of courtesy meets with scanty acknowledgment. And yet there are two names which have been handed down through Scripture history celebrated solely for their courtesy. " Julius entreated Paul courteously." 1 "Publius lodged us three days courteously." 2 "Be courteous," then, in all your intercourse with one another. "Be courteous" to other nurses, avoiding off-hand mannerisms, childish affectation of superiority, unladylike bickerings. "Be courteous" to medical men: courtesy is the word which at once erects an easy barrier and breaks down an uneasy stiffness between nurse and doctor. To be treated, and to treat others, courteously is your right, first as a woman, then as a nurse. Courtesy is the nurses' safeguard. "Always be easy and free: never be free and easy." "Be courteous" to your patients. "Be pitiful, be courteous." 3 It is easy enough to be pitiful-to be pitiful to the strong man who has become a consumptive wreck, to be pitiful to the young girl who has lost her beauty from some malignant

¹ Acts xxvii. 3. 2 Acts xxviii. 7. 3 1 Peter iii. 8.

disease, to be pitiful to the little child who will be a cripple for life; but it is not so easy to "be courteous" to the chronic nerve case, the fanciful old man, the crotchety old woman, or the fractious old lady. How little do we realise the effect of our behaviour on the patient! Think, if all the patients you have nursed, dead and living, could come into some ward, or house, and stand beside their beds once again, pointing to some tell-tale tablets recording the moral effect your life had had upon them! What would be recorded of you? What would have been the report of the Widow's Son in this week's Gospel, when "he that was dead sat up and began to speak, and Jesus delivered him to his mother"? "Ah! my mother," he could say, "I have been in the Land of Results. Where I have come from success is often called failure, and failure is called by the 'new name' success! I have seen the Face beyond the sun. 'Whereas I was blind, I now see.' Whereas I was blind-blind to my own true interests, blind to the King in His beauty, I now see. I see things as they are. I see myself as I really am. I see others in their true light. I see God as He is. Ah! my mother! how strange to meet again those who nursed me in my last illness! How strange to see them mistaking the real issues of life! How grand to see them true to the real end of their being! Where I have been there is neither sorrow nor crying, nor is there any more pain! How strange to see these

earth-born clouds again!" If, indeed, we could see our patients, "dead and alive again," rise up and meet us; if, indeed, we could listen to them, as one by one they were "delivered unto" us, and gave us their impressions "of the life that now is," in the light of "that which is to come," 1 how encouraged and brightened our own lives might well be! We thought it all so dreary and matter-of-fact, so full of commonplace routine and duty; we thought we were doing so little because we saw no great results; and all the while we were exercising, unconsciously, an influence on the life of some thoughtless friend, some lowly and obscure patient, unconsciously writing out, as on the unseen tablets over his couch, the means used to restore him. There is, I know, a seamy side to the picture: we need not dwell upon it now. Only remember this: we are helping to form the characters with which one by one we come in contact. Some day-soon-the King will say, "Give an account of thy stewardship." Some day-soon-"Deus Clinicus," the sick-bed God, will come again in Person to visit this great "world's room of sickness" and sin. Some day-soon-the "Dream-sending God" will give to "His beloved in sleep a dream," a true dream of that City of Health where there shall be "no decay, no leading into captivity, no complaining in the streets." Some day-soon-all will be able to read the hieroglyphics written by the Great Physician on the

recording tablets, prescribing "the Tree of Life" and "the leaves of the Tree for the healings of the nations." Some day—soon—He, the true "Revealer of Secrets," will fling open wide the golden gates of all science and all mysteries and all that tells of Him "Who is our life," and "let the victors in." And it is a nurse's work to take her share in preparing the world for that glad Day—to make life, here and now, more sacred, more hopeful, more reverent, more complete; quietly and unobtrusively, openly and boldly, proclaiming Him, "Deus Clinicus," to be the source, the centre, the end of a life worth living.

Golden ideals! Bright fancies! Happy visions! Yes! but ideals to be some day realised; fancies to be some day facts; visions to be perpetually enjoyed—"for the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come." Meanwhile—

[&]quot;Do the work that's nearest, though it's dull at whiles, Helping, when you meet them, lame dogs over stiles."

THE STORY OF MARTHA

FIRST ADDRESS

MARTHA'S CREED

MEDITATE to-day on the story of "a woman named Martha." (1) Martha's Creed; the story of a woman's faith. (2) Martha's House; the story of a woman's home. (3) Martha's Work; the story of a woman's work.

This morning, think of Martha's Creed: "I believe that Thou art the Son of God which should come into the world" (St. John xi. 27).

It is a woman's creed, and it is the basis of all the Creeds of Christendom. The Apostles' Creed, the Nicene Creed, the Athanasian Creed—they have all grown out of the creed of "a woman named Martha." After her who was "blessed among women," we owe more, perhaps, to Martha than to any woman in the early Church. We cannot spare the woman's creed any more than we can spare the man's creed—the corresponding creed of St. Peter.² Both sexes, through the lips of St. Peter and Martha, profess the

¹ St. Luke x. 38-42, and St. John xi. 1-47. ² St. Luke ix. 20.

same creed, and confess that the wants and aspirations of each are inspired and satisfied by the same belief.

It is well that a woman should tell women the story of her creed-how she struggled into the "-joy and peace of believing,"1 and what were the articles of her belief. For women, as well as men, are teased and taunted about their faith. Creeds! What's the good of them? And, after all, does it really matter whether, or what, we believe? Yes! it does matter. It matters (1) to God. Man's unbelief limits God's generosity. God longs to do great things for us and in us, and we thwart Him by unbelief. "He could do no mighty work there, because of their unbelief." It is a principle which runs all through life. Think of your own profession. There are hundreds of cases in which neither doctor nor nurse can do anything, simply because the patient doesn't believe in them. There are times when you long to do some "mighty work" for those you love, and they won't let you: they mistrust you; question your motives; don't sympathise with your purpose for them; don't believe in you; and because they "would not" let you, you "could not" help them. It is so with God. But what an outburst of joy there is when a responsive soul lets Him help her. "O woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt."2 Yes! it matters to God whether we believe.

¹ Rom. xv. 13. ² St. Matt. xv. 28.

And (2) it matters to others. A sister's belief may lead to a brother's resurrection—moral, if not physical. When Martha believes, Lazarus is raised. "Jesus, seeing their faith, said, Thy sins be forgiven thee." We find the principle underlying our ordinary dealings with each other. A nurse's belief that a case must and will pull through, often enables a doctor to save the patient whose hope her faith has inspired and kindled. Here, the nurse's faith is the remedy used to save the patient. So in spiritual cases. God can and does use a mother's faith for a son's restoration. He may save "the son of His handmaid"1 through the handmaid's unswerving faith. And it matters to others a good deal more than we think, whether we believe, and what we believe. It is only a woman's belief, only the creed of "a certain woman named 'Nurse-" but on her belief, and on her mode of expressing it, may hang the behaviour, and often something more, of those who are (often unconsciously) watching and wondering.

And (3) it matters to me whether, and what, I believe. "Blind unbelief is sure to err." Unbelief is so blundering, so hard, so repelling, so loveless, so lonely, so miserable. Martha was a miserable woman without the Christian Creed. God knew it, and sent His only-begotten Son to comfort her. And, like all strong comforters, He goes straight to the point at once. "Believest thou?" What is your creed?

¹ Ps. lxxxvi. 16.

How cold and unsympathetic it sounds! The woman is wretched, and He talks to her about a creed. Surely she must have felt "put off." "Don't worry me about creeds and doctrines; my brother is dead, and my heart is breaking, and you catechise me about my belief. Cold comfort this! It's love. not doctrine, that I want." But He Who knew the human heart, because He had a human heart Himself, knew that doctrine—the doctrine of the Resurrection -was just what she did want. So He gave her the sympathy of doctrine, and comforted her with the comfort of a creed. There come times in life when the words of others are powerless to comfort. There are times when we feel as Mrs. Oliphant felt, when she wrote in her diary, "Called down to seewho is a good man and said many things which will do me good after a while; but, alas! one knew everything, or almost everything, that could be said, and has said it to oneself over and over again with little effect." Who hasn't felt it, both in giving and receiving comfort? Martha had plenty to comfort her, plenty to be kind to her.1 "Many of the Jews" would remind her of the beautiful Jewish saying, "In death the two worlds meet and kiss," and the like: "many" would say and do all that could be said and done. But, stunned by the thud of death, wretched at the loss of her brother, Martha needed something more than beautiful phrases and

¹ St. John xi. 19.

lovely ideas. She needed the sympathy of doctrinethe doctrine of the Resurrection-and the comfort of a creed. And so the Christian faith is placed before the yearning Jewess-" Thy brother shall rise again. Believest thou this?" No! not yet, not all at once. She cannot grasp such a doctrine in a moment; and she is too true, too wretched, to pretend. So she falls back on the creed of her country, and says, "I know that he shall rise again at the last day." But oh! "the last day!" What a long, long time off it seems. "He has been dead four days already," and these four days seem like four years. And then, "for the comfortless troubles' sake of the needy,"1 Christ tells her all the truth: "I am-now, to-day, at once—the Resurrection"; and it is just as easy to raise Lazarus now and here, as to raise "all men with their bodies" at the last day. And then the truth dawns on her, as it has dawned on many a woman since. All the woman in her had resented the hard fact of death, with its decay and ugliness; and now all the woman in her believes in the easier fact of a resurrection with its life of growth and beauty. Instinct told her that death was never meant to last; that nothing ugly is eternal. Lazarus died, not "to the intent" that he might "die eternally," but "to the intent that" others should believe. It is the teaching of every death. No death is meaningless for others. God has "an intent," a purpose, in it—even that

¹ Ps. xii, 5.

others should believe in and live for the Resurrection. Here is something to fall back upon, something solid and real, something to help "when earthly helpers fail us." Here is the sympathy of doctrine, the comfort of a creed.

So runs the story of a woman's faith. And what are the articles of her belief? They are three:

- (1) The Personality of Christ. "I believe that Thou . . . " First she believes in a Person, then she believes in a doctrine. The "Thou" in Him met and satisfied the "thou" in her. And remember, the doctrine of the Personality of Christ is best expressed by devotion to the Person of Christ. In the early Church "I attach myself to Thee, O Christ," was the loving profession made at Baptism. The Saints' attachment to the Person of Christ was the root of their devotion to the teaching of Christ. So it must be with us. The devotional life means a life devoted, "attached," to the Person of Jesus. Devotional books are books devoted to the Person of Jesus. Devotional exercises are acts of devotion, or attachment, to the Person of Jesus. The love-cry of the Bride "His desire is towards me," is the cry of every true woman. First, then, Martha believes in His Person, and then she believes His teaching. It is true because He is true.
- (2) The Divinity of Christ. "I believe that Thou art the Son of God." Think what it meant in the

heart and mouth of a Jewess. Thou, a man like any other man; a Jew dressed like any other Jew-like Lazarus! "Thou art the Son of God." What would such a confession mean from the lips of some poor Whitechapel Jewess, or some wealthy, world-known Jew to-day? What would it mean in some religious magazine the sale of which depends upon its popular indefiniteness, some article which talks glibly enough of the "perfect humanity," but is silent on the very source of that perfection—the Godhead of the perfect Man? All this, and more, it meant to Martha, when she openly professed her belief that the friend of her brother was the Son of God. This was the foundation of Martha's creed. And it is this belief which makes the difference between the Christian creed and every other creed, between the Christian life and any other life. The Son of God enables me to imitate the Son of Man. God never tantalises a soul by dangling before it an unattainable ideal. "The life that I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God," 1 is the explanation given by the Christian Jew of the change in his attitude to the unchanged world. "Now"-because I believe that Jesus is God-all the world seems changed to me; "now," everything and everybody looks different, and all because I am different myself; "now," I place "the Son of God" in my position, my difficulties, my life, and ask what He would have done; and because He is the Son of

God as well as the Son of Man, He enables me to perform what He would have me to do. That "now" splits the Apostle's life in two; and the life that he now leads is a better life, a happier life, a kinder life. The externals of his life had not changed. The tentmaking was the same, but the tentmaker was different; the canvas was just as hard and tough to work on after his conversion, as it was before; the other workers were just as un-ideal, just as un-likeminded, just as trying; but the way in which he looked at men, and things, and work, and surroundings, was different; for he saw in all the Divine image which is only seen by those who believe in the Divinity of Christ. So it was with Martha; so it may be with us.

(3) The Incarnation of Christ—; "which should come into the world. It is the basis of the Nicene formula: "Who for us men and for our Salvation came down from Heaven." Faber speaks for us all when he says, "A distant God is more than I can bear." "God is in the midst of her" was the joy of the ancient Church; God is in the midst of her—God manifest in the flesh—is the joy of the Church triumphant. "Thou O Lord art in the midst of us" is the echo in the Church's office to-day. As God went into the furnace to save the three children, so He came into the world to save the world. The world is no longer to be shunned by God's people

coming out of her, but to be saved by God's Son coming into her. So He came into the world of men and women. He came into Martha's world, and all the world was changed to Martha. Now she could face life and death and Bethany and Calvary, and all that they meant, and could say, "I believe." He came into the Thief's world, and the whole world was changed to the thief, and Golgotha was a paradise, and "the place of a skull" a garden of delights. He comes into our world. It is the same world afterwards as before: we lead the same life: we do the same work. There is the same housekeeping to be done, the same meals to get ready, the same people to see, the same irritants, the same amusements, the same books, the same surroundings. But somehow things are different. Our way of looking at them is changed, because we are changed. Life seems less bleak. The sun shines.

"Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how,
And everything is happy now.
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true,
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue."

We can't explain it, but we feel it. "Where we love we don't reason; we just feel."

And we are not called to come out of God's world: God has come into our world. Some there are to whom the call "come out of her," has come, but it has not come to us. Nurses are not Sisters. You have to live in the world just as it is, right in the

very thick of it; and because "He came into the world," it is in the world, "in the midst of the furnace," that you are near Him. Because He is "in the world," you are safe in the world. Because He is "in the midst" of you, you can pass through temptation unsinged by the hissing, roaring flames of the world's burning fiery furnace. You see the world as many women do not see it: you know its sunny and its shady sides as all women do not know them: you wield powers for right and wrong which all women do not wield. And Martha's God must be your God, and Martha's creed your creed.

What is your creed? Only a woman's creed? Only the belief of a "certain woman named Martha?" Well! If Martha's creed is your creed, it will save you from all that it saved her; it will do for you all it did for her; it will give you all it gave her, even joy and peace in believing. Yes, it is true. "Whosoever will be saved" from misery, and hardness, and unlove, and bitterness, and loss, here and hereafter, "before all things it is necessary that he hold the" warm, bright, hope-giving, life-saving "Catholic Faith."

SECOND ADDRESS

MARTHA'S HOUSE

THE story of a woman's Home. Home life touches us very closely. True, we have left home; but leaving home does not free us from home ties or family responsibilities. We may have to go back home, and we must see that a life of independence does not spoil us for home life. We may have homes of our own ("woman" means "wifeman"), and we must not let the nurse-life unfit the woman for the wife-life. Then, too, some of us are living in Nursing homes, and each must contribute her share to the homeliness of the house, which constant coming and going so easily destroys. And many of us spend our lives in the homes of others, and meet characters as different from each other and ourselves as Martha was from Mary. So we lift the latch of home life, and enter the house of "a certain woman named Martha." It was a specimen of the "worthy house," and because the house was worthy, the Son of Peace abode upon it.

Think then of Martha's home as it touched (1) the Living, (2) the Departed, (3) the World.

¹ St. Luke x. 38. ² St. Luke x. 6.

(1) The Living.—"She had a sister." It is not always easy for Sisters—or Nurses!—to live together. They are too much, or too little alike; and because they are each others' looking-glasses, or opposites, they often clash. Study the Sisters of Bethany; not contrasting them to the disparagement of either, but comparing them to the advantage of each, and seeing in both together a more complete character than in either apart.

And first, Mary! Who does not love her? She is so graceful, naturally and spiritually; so like her great namesake, who is "full of grace": she is so winning and attractive, so sympathetic and womanly; she feels things so sensitively, and shows what she feels so simply; she cries when Martha cannot shed a tear. She is so rightly emotional; her very movements are a ritual, as she flings herself at the Sacred Feet, and prostrates herself in the presence of Jesus. And like all sympathetic natures, she feels with others' feelings. Simon's stab at the Master goes through and through her. She feels what He is feeling; and, in loving reparation for Simon's neglect, she refreshes the tired and dusty Traveller with sweet-scented fragrance from her broken perfume jar. What she can, she does; and with the instinct of a nurse and the grace of a woman, she bathes the hot, dry Feet in tears fresh as water from

the Well of Bethlehem, and wipes them with her "woman's glory," the hair of her head.1

And Mary teaches me two things. (1) A right use of the emotions. The emotional faculties are not to be despised, but disciplined; emotions should be consecrated, not crushed.² (2) The right meaning of Ritual. Ritual is worship with the body. The whole man (body, soul, and spirit) must worship God. Thus, ritual is not merely a help to worship: it is part of worship. It is the offering in the Sanctuary of all bodily movements, and the outward and visible acknowledgment of the doctrine of the Resurrection.

Next, Martha! She was a grand woman; so wholly true, so utterly real: a woman to be trusted all the way through. Reserved, self-restrained, with, perhaps, a flash of temper,³ she both lacks and completes Mary's gifts. How different the sisters are! Mary sat still in the house, Martha can't stay indoors. One stays at home, the other goes abroad. Mary waits to be called, Martha goes to meet her call. Mary waits to be sought, Martha seeks to be found. Jesus loves them both. And Martha teaches me two things. (1) The blessing of a reserved nature. It has its drawbacks; it finds difficulties in understanding and in being understood; it may fall into the opposite dangers of self-conscious silence

¹ 1 Cor. xi. 15. ² 1 Cor. vii. 30; Rev. i. 17. ³ St. Luke x, 40,

and of blurting things out.1 It has perhaps a harder time than the free and easy temperament; but it has its compensating safeguards. Hundreds would be saints if they had it. Think of religious unreserve. It kills real religion. Foolish and mistimed talk about confession, sermons, services, etc., does more harm to the Church and the soul than any amount of Puritanism. Think again of social unreserve. Subjects which a few years ago were considered absolutely indelicate, are now not even labelled unladylike. How can we raise the tone of the subject discussed if we lower our own tone in the very way we discuss it? We of all people, Priests and Nurses alike, need the gift of reserve. We need it with each other, and we need it with others, with men and with women, with the whole and with the sick. (2) The blessing of activity. It is God's cure for brooding, and doubts, and "moods." The value of "exercise" is only to be measured by the result of its loss. The word "exercise" means "to drive out." Bodily exercise "drives out" bodily ills; mental exercise "drives out" mental ills; spiritual exercises "drive out" spiritual ills. We must thank God for being able to move about.

Martha's reserve and Mary's emotion! Martha's activity and Mary's stillness! Both characters appeal to us. And Jesus, the perfect character, appeals to both. See! "He groaned in spirit," in stern self-

¹ St. Luke x. 40.

subdual, as the words imply. "He groaned within Himself," nor "loved to make parade of pain,"1 How He would appeal to Martha! But "Jesus wept," trembled with feeling as the words suggest. How He would appeal to Mary! He understood her sensitive nature. He knew all about her breaking down, and bursting out crying. Her prostration, her feelings, her sympathies-He despises none of them: He accepts them all. Jesus appeals to all temperaments. As Wellington said of Napoleon, "There was nothing like him, he suited the French army so exactly," so each of us can say of Jesus, "There is nothing like Him: He suits me so exactly." And as we get more like Him, we shall jar less upon, learn more from, and appeal more to each other, and so become more complete and perfect characters ourselves.

And some of us can see in the two sisters a short story of our own spiritual lives. First, there was the Mary state, so full of fragrance and fervour, of love and of loyalty. It was a happy state and a real one; but it was incomplete. Then perhaps we lost some Lazarus; we got into the Martha state of reserve and puzzle. Life made us doubt, death made us despair. And then, thank God, there came a third state, hammered out of and combining both states, and more lasting, because more complete, than either. It is the state which the Bride describes as "black

¹ In Memoriam.

but comely." Yes! there is the "comely" state, and very beautiful it is; and there is the "black" state, and very dreary it is; and there is the state which is better than either, for it is the fusion of both—"black but comely." Don't despise any one of the three. Each state is full of hope.

(2) The Departed. Martha is "the sister of him that was dead," 2 a title which needs a whole retreat to itself. Very briefly, take one thought—the honour that it is for a family to have a member in Paradise.

"A heavenly thing for us as well as for him we love,
To have one so dear in glory set
At the King's right hand above."

Martha had a brother "at court," that Court which St. Chrysostom calls "the Court of King Jesus," and his honour was her honour, for "the merit of one is the honour of all."

(3) The World. Martha "received Him into her house." Since leaving home, Jesus had been homeless. He willed to experience what thousands of men and women, boys and girls, experience when home is a thing of the past. Martha opened her house to her brother's friend, and in return (there is always a return) the house was made glad with the joy of His Countenance. Some of us know the help of having a house to go to. We can thank God for the house of "a certain woman named —..." How many souls might be saved, how many lonely

¹ Cant. i. 5. ² St. John xi. 39 ³ St. Luke x. 38.

lives brightened, if only they had somewhere to go; somewhere besides "the house which inclineth unto death"; somewhere besides the home which is no home; somewhere besides the lonely lodging or the shared room; somewhere besides the street. Right in front of all Church workers are the women who, with costly unselfishness, open their homes, or make homes, or are "at home," for those who need them. Martha is their Patron Saint. Their house, great or small, is the "worthy house": in the receiving others they receive Jesus.

Meditate now in the silence upon home life: your own home; your old home; the home you are living, or nursing in; home in relation to the outside world; home in relation to the blessed dead; and home in relation to the best Home of all.

1 Prov. ii. 18.

THIRD ADDRESS

MARTHA'S WORK

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S SERVICE

St. John xii. 2; St. Luke x. 40.

MARTHA served. There seems something almost chilling about the words. sitting" seems so much more beautiful than "Martha serving." Even in the order of thought, it is "Mary and Martha," rather than "Martha and Mary," though Mary was the younger. If we had to paint the sisters, we should instinctively make Mary more lovely than Martha. Like the painter at Assisi, we should give Mary the red robe and Martha the drab one. We couldn't help it. Love of the beautiful is a birth-gift which not even the Fall could destroy. We naturally think of St. Stephen's face "as it had been the face of an Angel," and forget that the features were formed by "serving tables"-keeping Church accounts, collecting and distributing money. We naturally think of St. John as the Saint of the Upper Chamber, and forget him as the frightened deserter of Gethsemane. So with the sisters. We are so attracted by the exquisite beauty of Mary's love, that we are apt to forget the divine romance in Martha's life. Yet nearly all such lives have their romance. That sneering, faith-lost man! that cold, reserved woman! Ten to one, there is a romance behind their lives, as there was behind Martha's. Martha served. See her, as she moves about the room, waiting at table! Who would have thought of all she had been through? Martha served. Two cold words, which describe the lives of thousands, from the Martha in the Gospels to the Martha in the kitchen! Who would have thought that in them lay a beauty which would brighten all service for all time? But so it was. Think, then, to-night of Martha's work: work full of beauty, but like our work full of mistakes, full of faults, full of sins. Her mistakes are our mistakes, her faults our faults, her sins our sins. Take one example of each.

(1) Martha's mistake: a low motive. She tried, and tried honestly, to do her work without the "one thing" which gave a meaning to the "many things." How she did work! even when she ought to have been resting. She had "many things" to do, and it was her duty to do them. To have left them undone would have been worse than to do them imperfectly. Things must be done: meals must be ordered and prepared; doctors must be attended; patients must be tended; beds must be made; letters must be written; callers must be seen; clothes must be mended. Yes! the "many things" must be done,

and it is only the "one thing" which enables us to do them without outward flurry or inward fret. The "one thing" binds the "many things" together, and makes the many one. Many flowers make one bunch; but the binding twine is the one thing needful to hold them all together. Martha forgot the twine. Without it, all her works were loose, and scattered, and isolated; and because they had no relation to each other, or to God, she got cross, and complaining, and critical. Is Martha's mistake mine?

(2) Martha's fault: fault-finding. Not until Martha found fault with others did Jesus find fault with her. And see! She found fault (a) with God-" Dost Thou not care?" Of course God cared; cared enough to test her by seeming not to care; cared too much to give in to her; cared enough to bear with her petulance, whilst He braced her with a scolding. But Martha couldn't see it at the time. She was looking down at her work instead of looking up at her God. God was leading her by a path she knew not; and because the pathway wasn't lit up with explanations, she tripped. Disappointed with God, she criticised God; blamed Him for not sending her help at the proper time; and ended by censuring Him (as we so often do) in the form of a prayer. Is Martha's fault mine? And she found fault (b) with Mary-" Dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" Few things are more irritating than to see

others doing nothing when we are overdone, especially when they are members of our own family. It seemed so unsisterly of Mary not to help. And, tired and cross, Martha stands, as we see her in the picture in the Louvre, in an obstinate attitude, and with complaining, argumentative-looking hands, and criticises Mary. We know just what she felt. Mary can sit still and enjoy herself! younger sisters can shirk work and have an easy time! it wasn't so in our day! we had to work!-and so on. But Mary was not idle because she wasn't doing Martha's work. Everybody can't do everything. We are not all skeleton-keys made to fit all locks; but we are made to fit just that lock which we are expected to open. It is with the unit as it is with the nation. "England is well and so is Italy; but only on condition that we do not ask from one what belongs to the other." 1 Each must work, "every man according to his service." 2 Mary was helping Martha; for she was doing her own work. When we are doing our own work we are best helping others. When we are doing each other's work we only get in each other's way. "My duty to my neighbour" is "to get mine own living." Mary's work was to sit still; and she sat still. So she best helped Martha. Different souls have different works. Gabriel "stands in the presence of God"; Michael goes out to fight! both are Angels.

¹ Lamia's Winter Quarters. Alfred Austin.

² Chron. xxxi. 2.

Anna "served God in the temple," Martha served Him at the table! both served. Mary was not idle because she was sitting down. Miriam was not idle because she was only watching her brother's cradle; had she been working in the bulrushes, she had not seen Pharaoh's daughter, "The minister" in the synagogue1 was not idle because his only duty was to "receive the book"; had he been late for synagogue, the service would have suffered-and think what he would have missed! Is it not written "He (very God and very man) closed the book and gave it to the minister." The animals in the Ark were not idle because they were only waiting for the flood to go down; each, in doing nothing, was at the moment fulfilling the purpose of its creation; can anyone do more? Christ was not idle because He was hanging on a Cross; rather, "while He was hanging on the Tree He was shaking the world." So, Mary was working for Martha while she was watching for Jesus. And Martha couldn't understand it. She seemed to think that if others were not working in her way, they were not working at all. Is Martha's fault mine?

(3) Martha's sin—dictating to God. "Bid her." 2 It is an old fault this—telling God what to do and when to do it. We often feel so much alone in our work: we are so under-staffed; so over-worked; so under-paid; so unable to cope with things; so im-

¹ St. Luke iv. 20.

² St. Luke x. 40.

potent to interest others in our work;—and then we get impatient, and dictate to God; we bid Him interfere, and stop this unsisterly standing aloof, this unbrotherly callousness. Then we order God to attend to us and to make others understand the importance of our work. And God doesn't. God didn't tell Mary to help Martha. It is not for God to obey our orders; it is for us to correspond with God's purpose. "The government shall be on His Shoulder," not on ours. Do I dictate to God? Is Martha's sin mine?

Next; see how Jesus deals with Martha's imperfections.

- (1) He accepts a low motive;—though He is never satisfied with it. He can use it as a basis for something higher. Martha's motive was a low one. "Martha," says St. Cyril, "was in love with her work; Mary with her life." But Jesus did not refuse her service because her motive was imperfect. Surely He ate the food which she prepared. Don't be too ready to despise low motives, even in yourself. Love of work may lead to love of Christ; and "if you love the dewdrop so much, how greatly will you love the fountain." But—
- (2) He was not content with a low motive. He shows Martha something higher; something in the very woman at whom she has been grumbling; something which will beautify service, and is to be had by all. Mary has what Martha lacks; but if

Mary has it, Martha may get it. What is it? It is the quiet calm which follows the making of a choice. Mary had chosen; Martha was choosing. Mary might lose her calm, but not her choice. It was "the good part which should never be taken away from her." Jesus was the Twine which bound all Mary's life together. Have I got the twine? Have I chosen, or am I choosing? Well! It is much even to be choosing.

Take two practical thoughts; one from each sister.

- (1) Be patient with restless workers. They are very trying and very tiring; but "wonderful things have been said and done by restless people." It is easier to bear with them if we remember how much we owe to them.
- (2) Be patient with idealists. They are dreadful trials to practical people, but we can't spare them. They keep alive the tenderer side of grim work; they tell of the perfume in service, the fragrance in work. Perhaps some day they may turn out to be the really practical. Who knows?

And now we go back to our work. Doré once lost his passport, and proved his identity by sketching a woman in the street. His work was his passport. Our work is our passport.³ There is a studio in the Vatican, wholly devoted to the manufacture of mosaics for St. Peter's;—and there is a studio in every life for the manufacture of

¹ St. John xii. 2. 2 The Fowler. 8 St. Matt. vii. 16.

character for eternity. Our studio is our work-place, the house or the home, the hospital or the district, where we are being formed, and are forming others, for service in the Heavenly Temple. And think what work will be like There. There "they serve Him day and night." Here, night duty soon unfits us for day duty! There, work will be endless, for it will be tireless; we shall gather strength as we spend it, and work will be rest. There, Martha served shall no longer sound cold, and chilling, and sunless; for love will warm all work and animate all workers. We shall serve God and God will serve us, in the perfect love of reciprocity;—as it is written "His servants shall serve Him;" and "He shall come forth and serve them."

1 Rev. xxii. 2.

2 St. Luke xii. 37.

FIRST ADDRESS

HOLINESS

" I WAS glad when they said unto me: We will go into the house of the Lord." It made such a break in their lives, such a change in the daily routine. Some lived in the city where life was quick and nervous, and full of rush and push. Others came from the country, where sameness and humdrum got on the nerves. Some living close to the Temple were too busy to get to the services; others at a distance were too far away from their own dear Jerusalem, deprived of priestly help, and the beautiful luxury of externals. Once a year the call came to all who could leave their work to go up to Jerusalem, with its sights and its services, and to get help and heart and hope for another year. And they were glad when the call came, glad to go up to the Temple, glad to meet others like-minded with themselves, glad of the grace which comes from contact, glad of the change and the chance, glad of the chance which comes with a change. And as their feet stand within those Temple gates. wondrous with jewels and gems, the heart of each is full, and the voice of each gives utterance, and each soul sings the song of the glad: "I was glad when they said unto me: We will go into the house of the Lord."

It is, perhaps, with some such feelings as these that we come into Retreat. We too are glad to get a break in life - a change from the rush and bewilderment of overlapping calls, a parenthesis in the dull monotony of repeated duties; glad to get away from our surroundings, from things which irritate us, and people who buzz about us like bees, and make us feel like wasps; glad to say our prayers out of reach of telegraph and telephone, and glad to be able to think without interruptions, or (which is almost as destructive to thought) the fear of them. Yes! we are glad to leave hospital or home, district or case; glad just for one day to minister to others by being ministered unto ourselves; glad to be waited on instead of waiting on others; glad to come into the Guild Retreat as representatives of those who cannot come themselves; glad to come back to St. John's House; glad to think out once more the Nurse's ideal, and once again to begin to climb the Nurses' Mount of Aspiration. "Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem," and our song to-day shall be the song of the glad.

We will, as usual, take three definite thoughts for

our three meditations, and we will take them from Hebrews vii. 26, "An High Priest, holy, harmless, undefiled." (1) Holiness; (2) Harmlessness; (3) Whiteness.

And first, this morning, Holiness, Ecce Homo! Behold the Man: the flawlessly holy. Never before was such a sight seen on earth. Age after age, as from some wide-open window, "God looked down from Heaven upon the children of men to see"-to see if He could find a soul that satisfied Him. an ideal soul. And age after age, He closes the window with a sorrowful "No": "No, not one." "Holy men of old" there were, but each had a flaw. Noah found favour with God, but (there was always a but) there came a day when Noah unwittingly gave way to drink, and—as many a man has done since—brought sorrow and wretchedness into home life. Abraham was the father of the faithful, but once there came a day when Abraham was so faithless that he "did evil that good might come," and headed that long line of those who teach that the end justifies the means.1 Jonah was great, so great that on him was laid the unique honour of exalting by comparison the greatness of Jesus. Jesus was greater than Jonas2-yet once, at least, Jonah lost heart and temper because he could not see results. David was a man after God's own heart, but there came a moment in David's life when he was false-false to his friend, false to a subordi-

¹ Gen. xii. 10-20.

² St. Luke xi. 32.

nate, false to a woman. Only the Sacred Heart, God's "own Heart," could really reach the heart of God, and express His ideal. And so the crowd passes along the ages, and still the longing eyes of the loving God look down upon the crowded streets of humanity "to see,"-and still the "No" of Divine disappointment, God's sad "No, not one," amazes the world of angels and men. And then, wonder of wonders! the Incarnation! "Behold a Virgin shall conceive . . . and bring forth a Son"-and that Son is "God with us." Ah! God not only looks down from Heaven to see; God comes down from Heaven to be; and He Who was "God of the Substance of His Father before all worlds," became "Man of the Substance of His Mother born in the world." And, when next God looks down from Heaven to behold the children of men, He sees Himself, Jesus, the "Offspring of a Virgin's Womb," the flawlessly holy. Think! Mary never had to say "don't" to Jesus, and Jesus never had to say He was sorry to "The Mother"; Joseph never found fault with Jesus, and Jesus never disappointed Joseph; -and the Holy Angels loved all children for the sake of the Holy Child Jesus. And when "the Child grew," Pilate, with all his powers of sifting character, could "find no fault in Him," and the thief with all his deadened sense of beauty could see the splendour of the Man who had "done nothing amiss"; and the centurion with all his soldier-knowledge of men and

morals, could unconsciously proclaim Him as the Man that God had been looking for, and say, "certainly this was a righteous Man." Now, at last, God has found a man—the Man—Who is perfectly righteous: now, at last, man has seen a man—the Man—Who is flawlessly holy: now, here, on this earth of ours, is a Man in whom men could believe and women could trust; a man—the Man—of Whom it could be said that men never doubted His morals and women never doubted His word; a Man of Whom God could say with all the joy of Fatherhood, "This is my beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased."

And it is to us that He, the All Holy, says: Be ye holy for I am holy.

I have taken this thought this morning because of the seeming impossibility of holiness in the rough-and-tumble of a Nurse's life. Living in the atmosphere of thoughtlessness, the question will sometimes come to a thoughtful Nurse, Is holiness possible for me? in my life? in my surroundings? is there any use in my aiming at holiness? Well! only a bad general gives an impossible order; and as it is God Himself Who gives the command, holiness—whatever the word may mean in our individual case—is possible for us all.

Now there are, for nurses, two kinds of holiness-

personal and professional. You must be holy, both as women and as nurses.

And first, Personal Holiness.

Every woman is womanhood in miniature; and womanhood is holy. Ever since Jesus was born of woman, womanhood has been holy. There is in every woman's nature the celestial from Mary, as well as the terrestrial from Eve. I would ask you very earnestly to consider whether you are treating the sacred gift of womanhood as something purely secular. I will ask myself the same question as to manhood. There is nothing new, nothing fanciful in the opposite danger. Very real, very terrible must have been the vision of profanation which drew from the All-Holy the warning "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs." He sees, in picture, the "lamb without spot" being offered in the Temple. He sees in imagination some coarse, cruel, Eastern dog (so unlike our Western companion) skulking up to the Altar. He sees in thought the ministering priest fling a piece of the spotless lamb to the cruel scavenger, to tear and to rend and to worry. He sees that which is holy given to the dogs. Every Jew would know what He meant: every Jew would abhor the act of profanation. And every Christian has a message in Christ's warning to the Jew. Some things, He would say, are sacred; some things are to be roped round as "holy," - and womanhood is one of them. Womanhood is not to be flung in one fatal fling to the dogs; it is not to be used as a "right of way" for the public to walk over at will. It is holy-holy as a Sacrament is holy. It is holy as the Baptismal water is holy. Think of some Private Baptism. What would you do with the "sanctified water"? You would not throw it to the dogs; instinct bids you pour it reverently away, and reverently cleanse the vessel, pocket font, or basin. And why? It is only water; you know all about it: it contains so much oxygen and so much hydrogen-and yet! Well! perhaps you don't know all about it; it has been "sanctified to the mystical washing away of sin," and reverence forbids you to give that which is holy unto the dogs. Or there is the Consecrated Bread in the Eucharist. You know all about it. It is bread; you know what it is made of, and exactly how it is made; take it to an analyst and he will prove that it is still bread-and yet! Well! You don't know quite all about It. After Consecration, It is no longer "bread alone"; It is not merely sanctified as the Baptismal water is sanctified. It is consecrated. It has "become what It was not" (the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ") "without ceasing to be what it was" (bread). You would not, you could not, "give It to the dogs." Or again, there is the Bible, the book itself as it comes from the printer. You know all about it; what the paper is made of; the type in which it is

printed; the covers in which it is bound; it is, you say, just like any other book—and yet! instinct forbids you to take your Bible and give it to the dogs to tear in pieces. So, too, Church and churchyard! They are holy. They must be fenced in from the dogs; they must not be given over to "common or profane uses." And, so with womanhood. It is consecrated, sanctified. There, at the bottom of every woman's nature, is the true instinct which whispers, "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs." This was the Master's warning to the world. He always saw things as they were, and never shirked them. He saw men so brutal and degraded that they would "go about the city" like the Eastern dog, and snatch and tear all that was fair and beautiful in womanhood. He saw women so low and reckless that, in one mad moment, they would undo all their lives, and with a weird profanity deliberately, or despairingly, fling their best to the dogs. And in His love and in His pity He warns them. "Never, never, never," He says, "surrender the higher to the lower": "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs," We will ask ourselves in this quiet day what we are doing with our best. Let us pray, "Preserve thou my soul, for it is holy."

Next (2), Professional Holiness.

As there is the woman in the Nurse, so there is the Nurse in the woman. Nursing too is holy, and holy things need holy handling. But the thought

will come, Can I be holy in my work as a Nurse, in hospital, in the world? Just the same thought came to men and women in the early Church, and once, at least, we know that devout and longing souls must have asked the beloved Disciple for an answer. And straight and clear the answer came: "He was in the world,"1 And where He was, we can be; can! nay! must be, unless or until we are called out of the world. It is no use going "out into the desert" to look for the Christ, if Christ is looking for us in the world; it is no good hiding from temptation "in the secret places" if our vocation is to meet temptation in the public places. We are only safe where we are placed; and, as you and I are placed "in the world," the world is our sphere of holiness. Professionally, we can be holy. We never need surrender the ideal which the Guild puts before us; we need never "give that which is holy unto the dogs."

But we need, and have, helps to holiness. Think of six, among many, each of which we are accustomed to call "holy."

(1) The Holy Ghost. Often use direct prayer to God the Holy Ghost: "Come, Holy Ghost," "Holy Ghost, come down upon Thy children," and such-like invocations. How many prayers have we said to the Holy Ghost since our last Retreat? The Holy Ghost is the Giver of Life, and as such He claims the special

¹ St. John i. 10.

devotion of all who minister to the sick and dying. It is the work and office of the Holy Ghost to make us holy.

- (2) The Holy Communion. Use It, and prepare for It in one special way. Go to each Communion with a Special Intention. It is so easy to rush away from work and get to Church just in time, and then to assist, or to make our Communion, with no intention at all. The Prayer-book remedy for vagueness in prayer lies in making a special intention. Constantly in the Church's services, the particular is emphasised as soon as the general is expressed. For example, in the Prayer for Parliament first we pray for the country at large, and then immediately comes the "Special Intention,"-"more especially for the High Court of Parliament." So in the Divine Liturgy. As soon as we have prayed for "all Christian Kings, princes, and governors," we immediately make our "Special Intention" for "Edward our King." Come then to Holy Communion with the special intention of offering It for some special increase of God's glory, for some special need of your own, for some special plea for others.
- (3) The Holy Name. Use it constantly and lovingly during the day. How Faber loved it!

"O Jesu, Jesu, dearest Lord, Forgive me if I say For very love Thy Sacred Name A thousand times a day." Use it informally. The mere whisper of the Name of Jesus is a tower of strength in a crowded life.

"O Jesu, make Thyself to me
A living, bright reality."

Use it formally. Use litanies of the Holy Name,—prayers such as you will find in almost any book of devotions. Names are powers; and there is no sweeter Name for the dying than the saving Name of Jesus. "Jesu, mercy." How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds in such a cry! at such a moment!

(4) The Holy Angels. He Who was essential holiness used the help of the Holy Angels. See! The three Temptations are ended, and, as if a fourth testing of human endurance might have seemed like a Father's unlove, "the devil departed from Him, and Angels (I wonder how!) ministered unto Him." So with us. God knows so exactly when we have come to the end of our powers of endurance. God always sends the Angels just when we need them-just when He sees that "a fourth" temptation might really be one too many for us. It is to the Angelic Hosts that the thoughts of Jesus turn when the hosts of wicked men come about Him in Gethsemane.1 He turns to the helps God sends, no less than to God Who sends them. Only by a supreme act of voluntary mortification, does He forego the help that really would have hindered. Use the Holy Angels. Use for yourself and for the dying some such prayers as:

¹ St. Luke xxii. 43.

"Visit, we beseech Thee, O Lord, this dwelling, and keep far from it all snares of the enemy; send Thy Holy Angels that they may dwell herein, and preserve us in peace now and for evermore."

- (5) Holy Lives. "As He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets," so He speaks by the lips of His holy Saints. Read lives of the Saints—or, at all events, read nothing which tells against the saintly life. "We cannot always be reading good books." True; but danger of overdoing it in this direction is not perhaps so very great! If we cannot always read "good books," we can always refuse to read books that are not good. "Our minds are holy things," says Dr. Pusey.
- (6) The Holy Scriptures. No wonder the Guild Rule requires each Nurse "to read a few verses of the Bible every day." The Bible is the Nurses' handbook, the Psalter is her song, the Gospels are her good news. Read the Bible itself, and then get hold of some good simple Commentary (such as Sadler's or Ellicott's), and re-read it with the help of another mind. Bible-reading and prayer-saying go together. Of course, we can't say our prayers if we don't read our Bibles, for we go to God in all the emptiness of our own words, instead of in the fulness of inspired utterance. "A few verses" will be God's Word to us for the whole day; and none the less when, for the night Nurse, "the night is turned into day."

And now, in the quiet time which follows, think out three thoughts:

- (i.) First, the Ideal! Jesus is flawlessly holy: He is absolutely true, absolutely sincere, absolutely trustworthy. Jesus is God, and Jesus is Man. Thus
 - (ii.) He makes holiness a possibility for man. As man He gives us a pattern of holiness: as God He enables us to copy the pattern He sets us. And when he ascended He left us the legacy of
 - (iii.) Helps to Holiness. But we must use them. What use are we making of the helps we have? There is no greater hindrance to holiness than fidgeting after the helps we have not. A faithful use of "helps we have" will win for us the luxury of the helps we desire. God never spoils His children. He gives them "things requisite and necessary," and He "adds all these things," non-requisites and non-necessaries, when they are good for us.

"We have an High Priest Who is holy." Live close to Jesus, and "with the holy thou shalt be holy."

1 Ps. xviii. 25.

SECOND ADDRESS

HARMLESSNESS

"We have an High Priest-harmless."-HEB. vii. 26.

HARMLESSNESS is the negative side of holiness. Jesus never did anyone any harm. Mothers could trust their children with Him and feel sure they would learn no harm. Boys could play with Him and catch no evil from the contact. And when He grew up, men never doubted His honesty and women never doubted His honour. He was "harmless," and "harmlessness" is the ideal He sets before us.

Harmlessness! We associate the word with weakness, and connect it with insipidity, or, at least, inefficiency. And yet, perfect harmlessness demanded the Incarnation. God alone was strong enough, God alone was good enough to say "I never did anybody any harm." Age after age, "God looked down from Heaven to see" if He could find even one perfectly harmless character; and always the divine disappointment found utterance in the divine "No,"—"No, not one." And

17

then! Wonder of wonders! Madonna and Child! "She brought forth her first-born Son and laid Him in a manger"; and as she lifted Him up for God and man to see—there, in the God-Man, there, in the holy Child Jesus, Heaven and Earth saw One of Whom it could be said, "He never did anyone any harm." There lay One upon Whose bodily Form the Holy Ghost could descend, in a bodily shape like a harmless dove, and find nothing in Him to frighten It away." "It abode upon Him."²

The standard of harmlessness, then, is the divine standard which Jesus puts before us. Let us examine ourselves this afternoon in regard to our harmlessness in life.

"I never did anyone any harm." Again and again we hear the words: again and again we are tempted to say them. "I may not be very good; I don't go in for being a saint; but I never did anyone any harm." Never? You never did any harm to God? or to another? or to yourself? Didn't you? Think:

(i.) God. Have you never done God, or God's cause any harm? never had bitter and sour thoughts of God, and accused Him, even in thought, of harming you? Have you never come to that bit of life when God seems always to be thwarting, and chiding, and cheating you? Ah! it does seem sometimes as if

¹ Cf. St. John xiv. 30. ² St. John i. 32.

God is always saying "No" to our "Please," as if He is always chiding us, or angry with us, and never willing to let us have our own way. There is nothing new or strange in the feeling. It needed a special revelation to the Psalmist before he could say "He will not always be chiding"; 1 so strangely disappointing did God seem to him. So it seems with me, I, too, seem to need a revelation. Something, someone, has pulled me up sharp in the chase for happiness, God's Angel, though "I wist not it was His Angel," has stood in the way, and barred my advance; some fiery, flashing sword has whirled round and round, mercifully keeping me out of some longed-for Eden before I am fit for the luxury of its enjoyment; and then, unloving and criticising thoughts of God have come, and I say He has treated me badly. I seem to need a special revelation before I can say, as Polycarp said on his way to death, He never did me any harm. Again and again God's barriers bar the way. And yet, some of God's barriers are very beautiful. Beautiful barriers! Yes! I look back, and I see a divine wisdom in divine refusals. I can see now that when He answered my prayer with a hurting "No," God was not harming me, but He was keeping me from harming myself. God is harmless. "Yea, let God be true," whoever else is false.2 Harmlessness is

¹ Ps. ciii. 9. ² Rom. iii. 4.

one of the Divine attributes; and the old story is the true story:—

"When I suffer want or grief,
He at once could bring relief:
He could send it and He would,
Were not suffering for my good."

And God's cause! How often I have harmed it! how often I have brought it into contempt! made it misunderstood! been ashamed of it in public—or, more often still, in private, when perhaps I have been alone with someone not likeminded! I have so often harmed God's cause by my cowardice. I have so often hurt and hindered others by my example; kept others from Communion by my life as a Communicant; perhaps lost my temper, or been difficult and thorny on the very day of my Communion. Ah! No! I am not harmless.

And the Nursing cause! Am I harmless? Matrons are not always motherly! Sisters are not always saintly! Nurses are not always nice—even to each other! Have you lowered the type of nursing, lowered the tone of a ward, lowered the life of a patient, lowered the early ideal of another nurse? Were you harmless in hospital days, as Probationer, as Nurse, as Sister? Are you harmless now in hospital, in home, or in house or street? I doubt it.

To-day, "I will confess my wickedness: I will be

sorry for my sin." I will ask God to forgive me for any harm I have done to Him and His cause.

(ii.) Next, Others! What harm have you done to others? to (a) your own sex! Are you harmless? Have you ever lowered the type of womanhood in talking to, or about, other women? You yourself, perhaps, have suffered from "women you have met"; they have dragged you down; they have made life harder for you; they have lied about you, have played you mean and nasty tricks, have been double and sinuous, "snakes in the grass"; they have even embittered your whole life. Learn from the harm that others have done you to be harmless to others. Never harm another woman; never add to the burden of another woman's life. The added burden may be more than she is able to bear. (b) And be harmless towards the opposite sex. Never lower a man's ideal of a woman, however high-pitched or boyish it may seem to be; never rest till you have lifted a man's ideal of womanhood to the level—the very foundation level-of "respect." And not only be harmless yourselves, but exact harmlessness from others. Such an exaction, however exacting, is every woman's right. And then, avoid, run away from, harmful characters; characters which literally "breathe out threatenings and slaughter" to all that is pure and true. Characters are like climates. They are healthy or harmful, bracing or relaxing. It does us harm

¹ Ps. xxxviii, 18.

even to be with, even to breathe the air of, some people. Some of you will remember the powerful, the hateful, sketch of Theodore Bevan, "The Centipede," in one of Beatrice Harraden's books, The Fowler. You remember the subtle influence which his mere presence exercised over Madge Carson and Nora Penhurst-a poisonous presence, unlabelled, but felt; a presence felt by men when he went into their clubs, and by women when he entered their drawing-rooms. You know the man (and there are women like him), harmful and hurtful wherever they go. God help us to avoid them, save in the path of duty. God help us to be "harmless"! God keep us from the gloomiest of all charges another could level at us: "I should have been a better man, or a better woman, if I had never met you."

(iii.) Ourselves. "Do thyself no harm." No one ever harmed me as much as I have harmed myself. The lowering thoughts I have allowed; the unwise things I have done; the doubtful books I have read; the unnoticed work I have scamped! they have all harmed me; the reckless acts of reckless moments; the rebel acts of rebel moments; the mad acts of mad moments! Ah! they have found me out now, in loss of health, in touchy nerves, in loss of character or influence, in a hundred ways. What a fool I was! "So foolish was I, and ignorant" of the harm I was doing myself. A man has no right to spoil his own

¹ Acts xvi. 28.

happiness; a woman has no right to spoil her own happiness;—and yet, this is what I have done over and over again. But, after all, things might be worse. It may be with me as with the Philippian jailer. Things are not so bad as they seem. "Do thyself no harm"; all is not lost; the prison doors are open, and the prisoners' chains are loosed; but the prisoners are still there; things might be worse; things will be better. And for the future! God keep me from hurting myself.

In aiming at a harmless life, our Blessed Lord leaves us three very sound pieces of advice. You will find them in St. Matthew x. He says, in effect: Walk wisely; walk warily; walk worthily.

(I) Walk wisely. You must be wise as serpents, if you would be harmless as doves. Wisdom is just as necessary in the spiritual life as it is on the Stock Exchange. How one does long sometimes to put a little of the wisdom of the serpent into spiritual doves!—just as one always longs to see more of the tenderness and gentleness of the dove in the wiseheaded, but not exactly soft-hearted serpent! Both serpent and dove are necessary for the harmless character. There is the character which feels "out of it" in daily life; very dove-like, very sweet and gentle, but unpractical and unbusinesslike: always chanting, and chanting very beautifully, "O for the wings, for the wings of a dove"; always in danger of outrunning the call, and longing to fly away and be

at rest, instead of seeking rest in the place where God has put it. Such souls are very beautiful, very full of aspirations which are the envy of us common folk; but they are not always wise: they sometimes lack the wisdom which would make them as harmless as a dove; they are one-sided, and like all one-sided characters, they do much good, but they do some harm. And there is the austerely good character; so wise; so practical; so upright; so downright-wholly admirable and estimable, rigidly "straight"; but-well! rather frightening to the doves! Such characters are the shoulders on which a movement, a work, may rest; they do a splendid work in the world with the wisdom of the serpent; but they, too, are one-sided, and they would do still more, and do it better, if they had a little more of the tenderness of the dove. We can't get through life cooing, but we needn't always be hissing! The dove without the serpent, the serpent without the dove-each may do harm. Both characters lack something which each may get from Him Who is "Holy, harmless, and undefiled."

(2) Walk warily. "I send you forth" into public life "as lambs among wolves." There are, there always will be, "wolves" about; men and women who will harm and rend and ruin you if they can. Walk warily. "Beware of men," of fallen humanity. Harmlessness itself is often a trap for the unwary; lamb-like innocence is a prey for the wolf; the wolf

rends the lamb. It is when the lamb and the wolf lie down together that the complete character is formed. He sends you, as He sent His Apostles, into the very thick of life, and he sends you with the word "Beware."

(3) Walk worthily. "If any man take not up his cross and follow Me, he is not worthy of Me." His cross! his own cross! Don't be too quick to shunt your cross on to another's shoulders. It is a very subtle and harmful danger of our times, to push our cross on to another's sympathy, and so to weaken our own character. The moment we have a difficulty, directly we feel the cross, off we run to someone, a sympathetic priest, a comforting friend, a willing listener. It is not necessarily wrong. Blessed be sympathy! blessed are the sympathetic! Helping another to bear his cross is very beautiful, but we must not let the other trade upon it. The gift of sympathy is not meant to deprive another of the grace of suffering. My cross is not your cross, and I have no right to ask you to bear it for me; you may help me to carry it, but you have no right to take it off my shoulder: neither of us has any promise of grace to bear the other's cross. "Every man must bear his own burden."2 In no other way can we learn how "to bear one another's burdens."3 The texts run together. The cross is to be taken up by each. Shoulder your

¹ St. Matt. x. 38. ² Gal. vi. 5. ⁸ Gal. vi. 2.

cross; don't shunt it. The weight of a cross is often meant to keep us down, to bring us to our knees, to teach us how to "walk slowly." Not at first, not at once, did Jesus allow Simon to be compelled to share His cross. He bore it alone to falling point, he "endured hardness." Then, and not till then, He accepted Simon's sympathy. Simon himself might have fallen, had the call on his sympathy come sooner. So, again, Jesus refuses the undisciplined sympathy of the daughters of Jerusalem. Undisciplined sympathy relaxes the discipline of the cross, and is harmful. It is right to get help, but not to get it to our own hurt. Like many another gift help is good, but it is not always harmless.

We are aiming at harmlessness. And so, simple as it seems, I will put before you, "harmlessness" as a lofty aspiration in a woman's, in a Nurse's, life. "We have an High Priest, holy, harmless." Jesus never did anybody any harm. What an ideal!

THIRD ADDRESS

WHITENESS

"We have an High Priest, holy, harmless, undefiled."—HER vii. 26.

WE thought this morning of "holiness," and we saw that it was a possible virtue, and a virtue possible for us. This afternoon we thought of the negative side of holiness—"harmlessness." This evening we are to think of its positive side—Whiteness, or Purity. For "whiteness," perhaps, best expresses the thought wrapt up in the word "undefiled."

It is sad to see how strangely far we have wandered from the real meaning of Purity. There is a sin so supreme in its sway, so death-dealing in its effects, so vampire-like in its power of sucking holiness out of souls that we think of it almost exclusively as the opposite of Purity. But there is a higher conception of purity than this. Purity is perfection. Impurity is imperfection. To think on a lower plane of thought is to mar the fair beauty of the word, and to miss the fair beauty of the Lord, the All-Pure, the All-White. Purity means whiteness.

God is the White God. God's longing for souls is His longing for their whiteness. But where shall whiteness be found? Age after age "God looked down from Heaven to see" if He could find one white soul, and always and ever the Divine "No,"-" no, not one,"-rings through the heavenly places. "In sin did my mother conceive me," was the cry of every soul in every age. And then! then, there is a Wonder in Heaven, and on earth. God not only "looked down from Heaven to see," God came down from Heaven to be-to be born a pure white soul, of a pure white Virgin. The chain of a black heredity is snapped by the Virgin Birth. The transmission of original sin is stayed, and now for the first time since the words were sung in the Temple Service, one voice-"it is the Voice of Jesus that I hear"-can stop singing the saddest verse in the fifty-first Psalm. Jesus could never say "in sin did My Mother conceive Me." In Jesus, God and Man, God sees "perfect Man," and man sees "perfect God." Mary sees a Babe of Whom she can say "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in Thee,"1 and, in the "altogether lovely," the Church can sing the beauties of her Beloved as, in ceaseless round of office and antiphon, she answers the contentious cry of contending religions. "What is thy beloved more than another's beloved?" with the sweetest of all answers: -My beloved is white.2

¹ Cant. iv. 7. ² Song of Solomon v. 9, 10.

It is this manifestation of Whiteness in the Incarnate, which draws souls to Jesus. It is this which attracts souls to holiness, and makes them long to be white. And how men and women do long for whiteness! Listen to David, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." It is the longing of penitence for purity. Hear the words of St. Peter, "If I wash thee not," says the Master, "thou hast no part with Me." "No part with Thee, dear Master! Ah! my Jesus, not only my feet, but my hands and my head"—my manual and mental, as well as my bodily and physical movements.

Think of three great classes who long for whiteness; the great sinners, the great saints, and the great company of the commonplace.

(1) The Great Sinners. Thank God, the black do long to be white. The great gift of desire is there, very weak, very feeble, very low down; but there it is. Desire clutches with baby fingers at the mystery of a possibility; catches at a hope which was not dead but buried alive; clings to a glimpse of a white future, which recalls the joy of a pure past. God's great gift of desire is struggling with the demon of indifference. Some tiny tendril of St. Mary's flower is shooting up above ground. Some little leaf, some tiny petal of the lily is hidden among the thorns. God can take the lost lily and put it back into its place. God can stay the flow of poison and stop the death of the flower. Purity is the

Flower of the Font, and flowers which God waters die hard. The withering of the flowers is outside the plan of the Planter. Ah! these black souls! Win them to whiteness. Think of whiteness for them; talk of whiteness to them. It is by dwelling on the whiteness to which we must lead them, and not by talking of the blackness from which we would lead them, that we keep white ourselves, that we are as the Angel of Bethesda, in the midst of the "impotent folk," yet conscious of the impotence of evil to hurt us.1 We have to deal with so much in life which is not white; we are privileged to share that part of our Lord's Life when, like some lily in the hands of a sweep, He was "in the hands of wicked men." We must rise to our responsibility, which is to inspire and to nourish the longing for whiteness in souls who have splashed but not spoilt their lily, darkened but not destroyed their white Baptismal robes. Ah! if there is the whiteness of Innocence. there is also the whiteness of Penitence. There is the whiteness the stainless whiteness of St. Mary the Virgin, and there is the whiteness, the stainwashed whiteness of St. Mary the Penitent. One loves to remember, nor would the Mater Purissima wish us to forget, that both have the same name; that each is called "Mary,"

(2) The Great Saints. As the desire for whiteness is the longing of the sinners, so growth in whiteness

¹ Newman.

is the desire of the saints. "They shall walk in white." This is their aspiration. "They have washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb," in the deep red Blood of the pure White Lamb; their past is pardoned, their present is peace; they are "accepted in the Beloved." But the nearer the sun the clearer their vision; the holier they become, the deeper they mourn; the whiter their robes, the gladlier they enter into the joy of contrition for the least spot of sin. Now, aspiring to whiteness and hating the least spot of black, they see some small black stain where once they failed to see whole tracts of sin: as George Herbert puts it, they long to be purged from the least spot, or stain of sin. Then, and not till then, can they stand in the great white light from the Great White Throne. Then, and not till then, can they bear the sight of themselves in the blaze and beauty of the Beatific Vision.

(3) The Great Company of the Commonplace—"the common people," as St. Mark calls them. Who are these "common people"? We are — just ordinary, common folk, with common wants, leading commonplace lives; simply commonplace, not very rich and not very poor, not very clever and not, perhaps, very stupid; "in between" folk, with interests common to both, and something in common with each. And we "common people" are the very people who need help. We are not, thank God, all black; we are not all white, but we long to be

whiter; we long to make others whiter; we long to leave the world, our little world, whiter than we found it. And we find two help-thoughts in St. James i. 27. Aim, he says, at (i.) Whiteness in work, and (ii.) Whiteness in life. Notice the order: First the work, then the life: - "Pure religion and undefiled is this, to visit ... " First, to "visit": first, our work. But surely, we say, this is wrong. Does not the life come first? How strange it sounds! yet not really strange. There are days when work is so overwheming, so absorbing, when it affects the life so intensely, that in order of human thought it does, it must, at times come first. At such times, the life is manifested through the work. So St. James, for once, reverses the order of spiritual progress, and places the work before the life. The white religion, "pure religion," he says, is "to visit"; -to go into the district, the workhouse, the school, the hospital, the home, the house, and to plant some lily there. The white religion, "pure religion," is to go "as the lily among the thorns," and to make the thorns more beautiful. The white religion, "purity," is to take and to leave the "sweet smelling savour" of Mary's flower among the ill-favoured lives and homes of Eve's children, to hinder sin, to make someone, something, all the purer and all the whiter for our visit. "To visit" in a back street, a country cottage, a luxurious house, and to leave something less black behind us: to reveal the All-white and the All-beautiful in some ordinary matter-of-fact, unsavoury duty; this is one side of "pure religion and undefiled," which it is ours to manifest. It is nice to think that on days when one long string of interruptions, one long response to repeated calls, one long spell of work, through no fault of our own, claims our minutes as well as our hours, work may come first.

Next, the life. "To keep ourselves unspotted from the world." Ourselves! There is a side to the spiritual life in which "self" may come in. If there are souls who spend too much time in thinking of themselves, and need to remember the practical order in which St. James puts progress, there are other souls who, in the rush of work for others. neglect the very first principles which alone make that work worth doing. True, we must "forget ourselves and our own people," if we would have "the King take pleasure" in the beauty of our lives; but if we are to love our neighbours "as ourselves," we must be full of love for ourselves—our higher selves. We must love ourselves, our higher selves, too well to "forget ourselves." And how are we to do it? How, in our shipwrecked nature, are we to "keep ourselves" white — "unspotted from the world"? Do what the shipwrecked mariners did in Acts xxvii. "They used helps." So must we. And helps are provided ready to hand in the Sacraments of the Church. Sacraments whiten souls. Baptism whitens the soul born black with original sin. Absolution

whitens the soul made black by actual sin. Holy Communion whitens the soul left black by all sin. The Sacraments are the soul's contact with Christ, and contact with Christ cleanses the soul. He can touch us, without being defiled by our blackness; we can touch Him, and catch the whiteness of His purity, as "our sinful bodies are cleansed by His Body, and our souls washed by His most Precious Blood." "Robes of white" are for those who "walk in white," and we must wash "every whit" if we would be among the "many purified and made white." 1

To keep white ourselves and help others to the white life, this it is to be "undefiled." Whiteness is the positive side of holiness, as harmlessness is the negative. And this is to be our aim as we go back to our work—to be holy, harmless, undefiled.

White, pure white, is the Nurses' colour.

¹ Dan, xii. 10,

RELICS

FIRST ADDRESS

"THE CHAINS OF ST. PETER" ACTS xii. 6. 7.

THE sale of South African War relics¹ suggests a thought for our Retreat. Every great war is followed by a desire for relics. The Crimea, Waterloo, the Mutiny, South Africa, all testify to the strength of an instinct which not even the Englishman's fear of superstition, or dread of fancy prices, can subdue. Think, then, to-day of Relics, and associate the thought with three Festivals in the Prayer Book Calendar:—The Chains of St. Peter (August 1st); The Invention of the Cross (May 5th); The Translation of the Bodies of the Departed (June 20th, July 4th, October 13th). Think this morning of—

The Chains of St. Peter. "The chains fell off from his hands." What became of them? The Greek Church shows them in the great Church at Constantinople; the Latin Church exhibits them in the

¹ December 9th, 1900.

Church of St. Peter ad Vincula at Rome. Which is right? Who knows? and, we are tempted to add, who cares? What does it matter? Two rusty old chains! A pair of handcuffs which linked the hands of a priest who went to prison for conscience sake! Why should they interest us? Why did the Committee of Selection retain such a Festival in the Calendar? The risk of misunderstanding was a real one. Relic-worship was in the air; and miracles were attributed to the doubtful relics of dubious Saints. True, such miracles were possible. God could work "special miracles" through the chains of St. Peter, as He did through the "handkerchiefs or aprons" of St. Paul.1 It was a question of proof not of power, of evidence not of possibility; and in a large number of cases, certified evidence was wanting. The Revisers knew the danger, and ran the risk; and, in so doing, they appealed to a national, a human, instinct. Every nation has its relics. England has her Nelson relics at Greenwich, her Wordsworth relics at Grasmere, her Gordon relics here, there and everywhere-Gordon's Bible in the Queen's apartments at Windsor, Gordon's Communion vessels2 in

¹ Acts xix. 12.

Two notes left in Mr. Gurney's will best describe the "relic." The first is an instruction to his executors and runs thus:—"For the Principal of Cuddesdon College. The Sacred Vessels that belonged to General Gordon. Herbert Drake (who was Gordon's Chaplain when they were together in the Holy Land), Edward Russell (who gave them to me), and myself having been all trained after the University at Cuddesdon." The second note was enclosed in the box that contained the vessels:

the Old Chapel at Cuddesdon College, Gordon's Chinese flags at the Gordon Boys' Home. Scripture appeals to a national, a human instinct in recording the after-history of Goliath's sword "wrapped in a cloth behind the ephod."1 The Church appeals to a national, a human instinct in preserving the relics in Westminster Abbey, the Chapel Royal, and many a Cathedral and Parish Church. The State makes the same appeal in keeping and exhibiting its relics in the British Museum, the Tower of London, Windsor Castle, and other public buildings. Why do we treasure the belongings, the relics, of the dead? That sword! that book! that watch! that chain! those links! those studs! Why do we keep them? One answer is found in the word—association. We instinctively associate things with persons. This is one thought which the early Church specially connected with relics. Thus Eusebius speaks of the preservation of the chair of St. James as "clear proof of the veneration in which holy men are held."

[&]quot;This Communion Plate was given by my Aunt, Mrs. Russell Gurney, to General Gordon, when he started for Palestine. It was used by him when travelling there, his Chaplain being the Rev. Herbert Drake (who died some years afterwards at Jerusalem). The Rev. E. F. Russell (of St. Alban's), when at Jerusalem in 1894, found it in the possession of a Religious Community, and purchased it, knowing only that it had been the property of Gordon. On returning to England, knowing my great devotion to the hero, he gave it to me. When I told my Aunt this, she said, to my great surprise: 'I gave it to Gordon." For the present the vessels are placed in the Old Chapel. 1 I Sam. xxi. 8, 9,

So with the chains of St. Peter. We associate them with one aspect of Peter's life—Peter in prison.

Take three thoughts: St. Peter's chains; St. Peter's surroundings; St. Peter's powerlessness.

- (1) St. Peter's Chains. "Bound with two chains." Every life has its chain. The clerk is chained to his desk, the invalid to his couch, the cripple to his crutch; one is chained to home, another to work; some are chained to poverty, others to riches. Yes! every life, every department of life, has its restraining, restricting, limiting chain. Think of three kinds of chains—
- (a) Religious Chains. Creeds are chains. They restrain us from believing wrongly. "Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith." How narrow! How fettering to free thought! Is it so really? Why is there more freedom in disbelieving than in believing? It is not a question of faith and freedom, but of creeds and consequences. Notice, Creeds and Consequences go together. "This is the Catholic faith" (creed), "which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved" (consequence). arbitrary! How tyrannical! Is it so really? Think of Kruger's creed. Kruger believes he can beat the English. He is free to believe it; he is free to disbelieve it. He is free in either case. It is a question of consequences, not of free thought. "The right faith," the right creed for Kruger is that the English

can beat the Boers; and then comes the consequence "which faith except" Kruger "believe faithfully, he cannot be saved." As a matter of fact Kruger believes wrongly, and Kruger is lost. Again, a doctor tells a man that drink will kill him. He says in effect "This is the medical faith" (creed), "which faith except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved" (consequence). The man is at liberty to believe rightly or wrongly. He is free to think either way. It is not a question of free thought, but of consequences. And it is so with the Christian creeds. There is nothing more arbitrary or unreasonable in a Church creed, "the Catholic Faith," than in a military or medical creed. Creeds keep me from the consequences of a wrong faith, by saying "the right faith is this." They restrain me -and so they free me-within the circle of Revealed Truth. So only can I be really free.

(b) Professional Chains. Professional etiquette! What a restraint it is! How petty and absurd its details seem! Yet every trained Nurse knows that, say, hospital life would be less, not more, free without it. Think of the authorities in a hospital. Authorities live in chains. "Why doesn't Matron do this, or Sister do that?" Very likely because she can't. She is chained—chained by a committee, chained by a tradition, chained by her larger outlook, chained by a hundred links which nurses know nothing about. Or, think of a subordinate's chain. How

she is fettered by her position! She knows of wrongs which ought to be righted; she sees imperfections which could so easily be corrected. Why doesn't she say something, or do something? Very often, because she can't. She is chained, chained by her position! "bound with two chains"—professional etiquette, and the fear of doing more harm than good. She is going through that stage of life which we associate with "the chains of St. Peter."

- (c) Social Chains. Even society has its chain. There comes a time when society says "No further." You may break the chain; but you must take the consequences.
- (2) Peter's Surroundings. "Chained to two soldiers"—two men of another faith, or of no faith at all! uncongenial, dull, heavy, stupid surroundings for such a man as St. Peter. We, too, are chained to our surroundings—often uncongenial, frequently without religious sympathy, sometimes dull, stupid, and uninteresting. For instance, it is a real trial to work with stupid people—especially well-meaning stupids:—

"For there's nothing we read of in torture's inventions

Like a well-meaning dunce with the best of intentions."

LOWELL.

No doubt, it's just like our conceit to think others stupid because we are too dull to draw them out; but, argue as we will, it is trying to be chained to stupid workers. But, every life has its chain!

Again, Peter's Cell-how narrow it was! how contracted his sphere of influence! Have you come to that bit of life when you long to kick down the walls of your cell, long to break through the narrowness of routine, to do something large and big and startling, and then to hear the clank of your chain and feel half-stifled in your cell? Well, it's no good knocking your head against your cell-door. It's your cell, and you've got to live in it; and if it's large enough for God's purpose for you, it's big enough for your work for God. After all, size is a relative matter. How ridiculously small the Paris Exhibition must have seemed to an angel! How huge St. Peter's cell must have seemed to a spider! Yet how narrow it must have seemed to St. Peter! Preaching in the open to ten thousand responsive souls was, no doubt, easier and more exciting than living in a cell chained to two unresponsive soldiers. Peter went through both experiences; I may be called to do the same. However narrow my life, it is large enough for me to do my duty in. What more could I do anywhere?

(3) Peter's Powerlessness. So many needed himfrom St. Mark down to Rhoda 1 and no one could get at him. How helpless he seemed! There he lay, a prince of the Church, one of God's nobles, "bound with links of iron," 2 caged, chained, helpless. Ah! the helplessness of life!

¹ Acts xii. 13-14.

² Ps. cxlix. 8.

How powerless one is to right things, in the Church, the hospital, the district, the home, in others, in oneself! Yet, as Dr. Pusey says, "it is often a great gain not to be able to help ourselves." Uzziah was "marvellously helped" until he was strong.1 "God keeps me weak that He may make me strong."

"Man's weakness waiting upon God Its end can never miss: For men on earth no work can do More angel-like than this."

Two practical thoughts: (1) Don't pull at your chains. If you wrench your handcuffs you'll only hurt your wrists. Struggling only tightens your chain. When God wanted Peter to use his hands. "the chains fell off." "When the time came." and not before, "the king sent and let him go free."2 In God's hands Peter's chains are weaker than the daisy chain of the little child. It may be just our case. There are the chains; it's no use straining at them. There is the solid iron gate; it's no use kicking at it. There are times in life when we must wait for the chains to fall off, and the great iron gate to open of its own accord. "God helps those who help themselves"; but, I think, He loves best to help those who can't help themselves. Learn to be still. "That same night" (and what a night it was!) "Peter was sleeping," trying to get a good night,

¹ 2 Chron. xxvi. 15. ² Ps. cv. 20.

that he might the better play the man "on the morrow." When there's nothing to be done, rest. Prepare for what comes next.

(2) Thank God for your chains. As we open and re-read the back numbers of life, many of us can say, "Thank God for my chains. If my feet had been free to go where they liked, I should have lost my way; if my hands had been free to choose their work, I should have spoilt my life; if some of the kitten had not been taken out of me, I should have been too full of life to have felt my need of a Lifegiver. But my chain held me to God, and I can speak of it, as Faber could, and say—

"'I thank Thee, Lord, for this kind check To spirits over-free, And for all things which make me feel More helpless need of Thee.'

Every life has its chain. Thank God for mine.'

"The chains fell off from his hands." What became of them? I don't know. But I do know that Peter's followers must wear Peter's chains if they would reach the Land of the Free.

SECOND ADDRESS

"THE INVENTION OF THE CROSS"

WHAT became of the Cross of Christ? The story of May 3rd (the Invention, or finding, of the Cross) is the traditional answer to the question. It is a story in two parts: (1) A woman's quest; (2) A woman's test.

(I) A Woman's Quest. Some seventeen centuries ago, a woman might have been seen visiting the Sacred Sites of Palestine. It is St. Helena, Mother of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor. "With loving heart and footsteps slow," she treads the Way of the Cross; and, as some woman might search the field of Waterloo, or Inkerman, for a relic of the dead, so Helena searches the field of Calvary for a relic of Him to Whom she has given her heart. What is she looking for? It is the Cross of Christ. Many a long year has passed since the sacred Relic has been lost, and rubbish has long since overlaid and concealed its treasure-house. Now, search-parties are formed, the oldest inhabitants are consulted, labourers are set to work to dig and excavate and explore; and at last the joy of discovery rewards the

"THE INVENTION OF THE CROSS" 77

discipline of search. The woman's quest is won. Helena has found the Cross of Christ. Thus far, says Bishop Barry, the story is "too well authenticated to be set aside." Then follows Part II.—the legend, the beautiful legend of—

- (2) A Woman's Test. Three Crosses have been found. Which is the Cross of Christ? A woman's wit soon devises a test. She will send for a sick woman; will touch her with each cross in turn; and the Cross which heals, will be the Cross of Christ. The test succeeds; the woman is healed; and the true Cross is reverently borne to Jerusalem. Fragments, says tradition, are scattered throughout the Church; and, adds legend, "the bulk of the wood remained undiminished." So runs the tale, the tradition, the legend. There is, of course, nothing impossible about the legend. God could work a "special miracle" through the Cross of Christ, as he did through "the hem of His garment." It is a question of evidence, not of possibility; of proof, not of power; and as both proof and evidence are wanting, the second part of the story belongs to the realm, the beautiful realm, of Sacred Legend. Think, this afternoon, of each part separately.
- (I) A Woman's Quest. It is to the honour of all women that a woman found the Cross of Christ; that a woman's name should be handed down the ages, not only as the Mother of the first Christian Emperor, but as the Woman who sought, and found the

Cross. (And whenever we think of the Island in the South Atlantic which bears her name, because it was discovered on her day—and where, in the Civil Hospital, a Guild nurse is now working—we think of the woman who sought and found the true wood of the Cross.)

And that which St. Helena sought for literally, we must seek for spiritually. Seek Christ's Cross in the daily life. We lose so much grace by shirking crosses which, if found and faced, would make life so much lighter and happier. Crosses grow heavier in proportion as we shun them. "Everywhere, the cross you shun shall follow you."1 It is the Cross we throw away, not the cross we carry, which makes life so heavy. The Christ-life must be cruciform. As in Christian art, there are differently shaped crosses, and yet each Cross reminds us of the one Cross: so in Christian life: our crosses may vary in shape, but we may find the Cross of Christ in each. Find Christ's Cross in your cross, and you will make a greater discovery than St. Helena made in the story of May 3rd.

Old writers speak of life's "Cross-days"; and these for the most part are of two kinds, greater and lesser. There are the greater Cross-days of life; days which we never forget; days which divide life into two parts, "then and now"; "before and after"; —bitter, cruel, mysterious days; days when we can't

¹ The Imitation of Christ.

see God, and can't believe that God sees us; days of seeking, but not of finding. These are life's search days, and correspond with St. Helena's search for the Cross. Search days are not lost days! they are a distinct and a necessary stage in the spiritual life, and lead to a deeper joy than Helena's at the Invention, or finding, of the Cross. Man's quest days are God's love days—"cross days which be the love days of God to us."

And there are the lesser Cross days of life; days when everything is cross and crooked; days when we are not ill but don't feel well; when everybody we meet seems to run into us, and to do it on purpose; when the ways of others worry and their voices grate; when there is no one big thing to bear, but when the accumulation of little things seems unbearable; days "dotted round with Crosses"crosses almost too small to be called crosses, and yet strangely heavy and wooden at the time. And, small as they are, we may find Christ's Cross in each of them. Small crosses must have formed such a large part of the life of the Crucified. Every life has its cross, small or great. Think of one-the Cross of Character. How often our character is our cross. We are, for instance, naturally reserved; we can't get at others and others can't get at us; we are hard to get on with, and find it hard to get on with others; we can't explain ourselves, and yet feel hurt when others don't understand us; we are "difficult";

we know it; we feel it; we suffer from it: but it is our nature; we were born like it; it is our character; and our character is our cross. It is such a rest to know it, and to believe that the very suffering caused by character may be turned into the means of perfecting character.

(2) A Woman's Test. Test your crosses. Life has so many spurious crosses. How fond we are of labelling difficulties "crosses"! As we look back in life, we smile at the things we used to call crosses. A touch of a real cross—the true Cross—has proved them to be no crosses at all. Like the delirious patient who saw nothing but skulls in the fleur-de-lys on his wall-paper, we imagine crosses which don't exist. "We are in great fear where no fear is." Grace is nowhere guaranteed for imaginary crosses.

Test your crosses before you label them. There is one infallible test. Every true cross is, as our legend suggests, a cross of healing. Somebody is the better for it. Spurious crosses leave open sores; real crosses have within them the element of healing. Fancy crosses spoil the lives of others—they are false relics; genuine crosses help all who come in contact with them. "O that you were worthy to endure for Jesus' Name," writes Thomas à Kempis; "How large would be the progress in your neighbour's life."

It is strange how many difficulties vanish, when, like St. Helena, we bring them to the Cross of

"THE INVENTION OF THE CROSS" 81

Christ. For instance, some of us feel a very real difficulty about the morality of the second Commandment: "God spake these words and said: I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children." How can God say such a thing? And if He can, how can He be just and good and loving? Bring your difficulty to the Cross—the supreme instance of innocent suffering - and you get the glimpse of an answer. Calvary was a revelation of results. The Cross showed man, openly and plainly, what sin led to. A knowledge of results is often the most powerful of all deterrents. If we could see the full result of a single sin, we should soon stop sinning. And the second Commandment is the anticipation of Calvary. It is a declaration of results. God utters no cruel and arbitrary threats, but in words of loving warning He states facts. He says: It is as true in the moral as it is in the material world that "given actions produce given results." A thoughtlessly fires a gun and hits B; here is a fact; A's sin is visited on innocent B. A father deliberately sins, and a child suffers; here is a fact! The father's sin is "visited" upon the child. There is nothing more cruel or unjust in the one case than in the other. But as a knowledge of results deters us from shooting, so the revelation of consequences deters us from sinning. The second Commandment is a revelation of results. Go into a children's ward, and see there a living picture-gallery of resultsthe results of sin; see there what sin leads to. Ah! sin is so loathsome in the light of results; so miserably unfair upon others; it makes such wrecks of lives, is so hideous in its consequences. And so God, not as an arbitrary tyrant, but because He is just and good and loving, warns us off from it, as some notice-board warns the trespasser against the consequences of trespassing. In the sight of child-suffering God is seen deterring the sinner, whilst He is perfecting the sufferer. And notice: the reign of a sinful heredity is limited "unto the third and fourth generation" (as if Divine love could bear with it no longer); but the reign of mercy is limitless-"unto thousands," endless thousands, "in them that love Me and keep My Commandments."

There are two helps which remind us of the true Cross of Christ—the sign of the Cross, and the sight of the Cross.

(1) The Sign of the Cross. Take only one thought—its ancient use before a signature. The Greek Emperor put a red cross before his name, the Byzantine Princes a green cross, the English Monarch a golden cross. It would be well if we wrote and signed nothing which could not be followed by the Cross. There would be a great deal less to answer for at the Day of Judgment, if we tore up all letters which we could not sign with the sign of the Cross,

"THE INVENTION OF THE CROSS" 83

(2) The Sight of the Cross. The Church of England sets apart one day in the year to commemorate the Sight of the Cross. On September 14th, she celebrates the Feast of the Exaltation, or Exhibition of the Cross. The sight of good and evil, beauty or ugliness, is one of the strongest influences in life. "Every child," says Goethe, "ought to see something pretty every day!" Keble sings—

"A little child's soft sleeping face

The murderer's knife ere now hath staid."

1

And of the Cross, Cowper writes-

"The Cross once seen is death to vice."

In olden days the Cross was seen everywhere. "In the way were faire Crosses carved with fleur de lys at every furlong." Read Keble's Cradlesong story of the girl holding up her baby brother to touch the limbs of the Wayside Cross:—

"Upon a verdant hillock the sacred sign appears,
A damsel on no trembling arm an eager babe uprears,
With a sister's yearning love and an elder sister's pride,
She lifts the new-baptised to greet the Friend Who for him
died."2

Whenever, wherever, the sight of the Cross meets you, let it remind you silently and gratefully "to greet the Friend Who for you died."

Find your cross; test your cross; or rather, find and test Christ's Cross in your cross. Don't load

^{1 &}quot;Carved Angels"-Lyra Innocentium.

^{2 &}quot; Lifting up to the Cross"-Lyra Innocentium.

yourself with self-made crosses, and don't reject God-sent crosses—God's gifts to His friends, as the Curé d'Ars calls them. Don't refuse the Cross of Christ. As the old Scotch woman said on her death-bed, "Ye'll follow Christ, and gin He offers ye His Cross, ye'll no refuse it; for He aye carries the heavy end Himself."

1 Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush.

THIRD ADDRESS

"THE TRANSLATION OF THE BODY"

WE are to think, to-night, of the honour paid to the Blessed Dead by the Translation, or removal, of their relics to more honourable sites. Three such translations are commemorated in the Prayer Book. The translation of Edward, King of the West Saxons (June 20th); of St. Martin, Bishop of Tours (July 4th); and of Edward the Confessor (October 13th)—translations, not like those of Enoch and Elijah, who were privileged to escape the act of dying, but translations, or transplantings of the bodies as a mark of reverence and respect. And we feel grateful to the Revisers for retaining these festivals in our Calendar. Such days make us ask why we should reverence the bodies of the dead. Think of three reasons.

I. Because of the past. The body is, as the word teaches, the bode, or abode, of the soul. It is what our ancestors called the sarvel-hus, or soul-house. In it we live; out of it we pass away. Death is the soul's emigration, as the word emigravit on Albert Dürer's tomb so beautifully suggests:—it is

the soul's "flying away," as the Psalmist still more beautifully expresses it (Psalm xc. 10, R.V.). When we die, "we fly away" from our soul-house. And as men spend money on preserving and visiting the houses of the dead, as some 300,000 persons, of forty nationalities, visited Shakespeare's house last year; so should we protect and respect the soul-house, if only because it was once the bode, or abode, of the soul.

2. Because of the present. We feel, we cannot demonstrate, that there is still some mysterious connection between the body and soul even after death. It is a feeling which has found utterance in our greatest poets, from Wordsworth's persistent cottage girl in "We are Seven," to Tennyson's "Ode on the Duke of Wellington,"

"In the vast Cathedral leave him, God accept him, Christ receive him."

Together, "soul and body make up one man which is born once and never dies." It is, at least, neither unscriptural 2 nor unscientific to believe the paradox that "our bodies even when dead are still alive." We know nothing more about them than meets the senses, and we can only wonder at the ignorance that dogmatically affirms, or denies, what is wholly outside the realm of evidence or Revelation. As we gaze at a dead body, we are left very largely in the region of instinct. And what does instinct suggest?

¹ Newman's Miscellanies, p. 287. ² St. Luke xx. 35, 36.

"THE TRANSLATION OF THE BODY" 87

Was not the dead body of Jacob something more than a mere corpse to Joseph, when "he fell upon his father's neck and kissed him, and commanded the physicians to embalm his father." Look at that dead body on some river bank. The jury have visited it; the inquest is over; the verdict is given—"found drowned." Who? what? is found drowned? How little we know about it—or shall we say about him? Read Browning's Apparent Failure, and the story of three men in the Paris Morgue:—

"The three men who did most abhor
Their life in Paris yesterday,
So killed themselves, and now, enthroned,
Each on his copper couch, they lay,
Fronting me, waiting to be owned."

There they lay, disowned by men, disowning themselves, waiting to be owned, as if some strange personality lingered even yet about their bodies. How little we really know what we are handling when we lay out the bodies of the dead. One thing we do know—"all men shall rise again with their bodies."

3. Because of the future. "All men shall rise again with their bodies." Those bodies you have placed in their coffins! Have you seen the last of them? Not if Scripture is to be believed; not if the Creed is true. "Our bodies shall rise again and live for ever; they may not be irreverently handled."²

¹ Gen. l. 1, 2 2 Newman's Miscellanies, p. 289.

But "some man will say, With what body do they come?" How well we know that "some man." He comes in so many guises and disguises, insinuating this, sneering at that. "Some man" is always at hand to pose us with a smart question, and to settle off-hand that because we cannot give him an answer, there is no answer to be given. If, asks "some man," every particle of the body changes, say, every seven years, and the average life of man is three score years and ten, with which of his ten different bodies does he rise? The question, in one form or another, is as old as St. Paul, and there is nothing new to reply. To the real thinker the question is, in St. Paul's opinion, a "foolish" one; it is not even clever. "Thou fool," he says, you are confusing two distinct spheres of thought, and mixing up physical facts with spiritual truths. There is a natural body (i.e. body under natural conditions), and there is a spiritual body (i.e. body under spiritual conditions), and what the spiritual body will be we are not yet fully told. But we are told three things about it.

(i.) Our dead body is not "that body that shall be." We are not required to believe that the spiritual body will consist of all the particles of the natural body gathered together and reunited on the resurrection morning. Neither Creed, nor Scripture, makes such a demand on either our faith or reason. Yet:

^{1 1} Cor. xv. 37.

"THE TRANSLATION OF THE BODY" 89

- (ii.) The risen body will be our own body. Think! I had an operation on my body ten, twenty, thirty years ago, and I feel the result of the operation in my body to-day: not one single particle of the body operated upon remains, yet I am strictly right in still calling it my body. May it not be so with the risen body? My body may, will, decay in the grave, and, as far as I know, not one particle of it will remain at the Resurrection; but it will be my body. And:
- (iii.) It will be a God-given body. "God giveth it a body,"2 and like all God's gifts, it will be worthy of the Giver. What more can we say or want?

In ministering to the dead, there are two Articles of the Creed which very specially belong to Nurses. "I believe," you say, that Jesus Christ was "dead," and "buried."

I. Dead. It is a heavy word, and it seems to sum up the period in between death and the funeral. All in-between times are times of responsibility and none more so than this. It is the period we connect with the Deposition, the taking down the Sacred Body from the Cross.

> "See the wondrous deposition, Silenced is His foes' derision, Fear hath scared and scattered them. Mary's arms are strong and tender, Love's last offices to render, As of old at Bethlehem."8

"Love's last offices!" It is often your duty to render these offices; and to render them to the Body of Jesus in the persons of the poor. In ministering to the dead, you minister to "Him Who was dead," just as in ministering to the living you minister to Him Who is "alive for evermore." Do what you can in district, in bedroom, in mortuary, to teach yourselves and others reverence for the dead body before its translation to the grave. Think of our public mortuaries! What scandals they are! Only in last September the Coroner for Richmond made a public complaint that a mortuary built to hold one or two bodies often contained four or five; and we all know what cold, bare, cheerless vaults our Workhouse, Hospital, and District Mortuaries often are. Do anything you can to improve them. Again, think of the practical difficulties which meet you in houses where, perhaps, at night the living and the dead sleep together in one small room, where by day the living child plays by the dead child's cradle, and where there is literally nothing decent in the house to clothe the body with. How we long for money to make reverence possible. What can we do? In olden times there was in most parishes a fund called Ded-money, kept by the churchwardens for maintaining a dedlyght, or soul-lyght, and providing things necessary for reverence and decency. Could not the Guild have some such fund now-some small central fund to which Guild Nurses all over England could apply for

small sums? So little is needed in each case, but an indefinite number of cases often makes it impossible for a Nurse to render "love's last offices" as she would. Many of us have friends and patients who would gratefully contribute to such a fund, as a thank-offering for kindness received from a Nurse at, perhaps, what is even to the most indifferent a very sacred time in life.

2. Buried. It is strange that out of only twelve short articles in the Creed, one whole article should consist of the word "buried." And yet not strange, if we think what it means. Non-burial was the greatest indignity that could be shown towards the dead.1 Burial spared the Body of Jesus that last crowning indignity. And see, how God worked, and even worked miracles, to make the burial of Jesus possible. How He scared and scattered the foes round the Cross! An earthquake frightened the mob; a heart-quake shook the Centurion; love changed Joseph and Nicodemus into braves; Pilate "gave leave"; and the way to the Cross was made clear, the Deposition feasible, burial possible, and Jesus was "buried." Poor in His lifetime, He made. and made beautiful, His grave with the rich, that the rich in their lifetime might make, and make beautiful, the graves of the poor. No money spent on churchyards, cemeteries, graves, is money wasted, if it teaches rich and poor to reverence the blessed

¹ Ps. lxxix. 12; St. Matt. xiv. 12; Rev. xi. 9.

dead. May we remember something of this when in the Litany we appeal to the "burial" of Jesus to move the Heart of God, to rescue us from sin and self, and plead, "By Thy precious death and burial, Good Lord, deliver us."

Let, then, the Translation of the bodies of the Saints remind us how God expects us to treat the dead body—not perhaps in our day by translating it from one earthly site to another, but by honouring it with "love's last offices" before its translation to the grave.

And now we go back to our work; and let us go with three thoughts:

- 1. One from The Chains of St. Peter: Every life has its chain. Thank God for mine.
- 2. One from The Invention of the Cross. Seek Christ's Cross in your cross, and you will find that He carries the heavy end Himself. "Blessed be the Lord Who daily beareth our burden."
- 3. And one from The Translation of the Body:—
 the honour due to the bodies of the dead for the
 sake of Him Who "was dead and buried." They
 say that in France and Germany the peasants will
 not injure a ladybird, because it is deemed sacred
 to our Lady. Let it be said in England that the
 living will not injure the bodies of the dead, because
 they are sacred to our Lord.

¹ Ps. lxviii. 19 (R.V.).

FIRST ADDRESS

MORNING

WE will take as the plan of our Retreat the three periods of the day at which the addresses are given, Morning, Afternoon, and Evening, and this morning we will meditate upon the Morning.

The Morning. "All the people came in the morning for to hear Him"; came, as the Greek suggests, with a definite purpose; came with mixed motives and different interests, with personal needs and private feelings; but came with one object—"to hear Him." And we have come this morning, as the crowd of old came, with our victories and our failures, with the lonely trouble that no one dreams of, and the family sorrow which can be told only to Him, with our many mistakes and our longings to do better: we have come, perhaps, almost shrinking, and half against our wills; but we have come. We have come in the morning, with a definite purpose—"for to hear Him."

1. And notice, first, that we are not told what He said. The words spoken are among the unselected

passages referred to in St. John xxi. 25. And it is just in this very fact that we may find our teaching. We long so greedily to know what is not recorded, to have a ready-made explanation for all the mysteries and perplexities in life; and no record, no explanation is given. Explanations belong to unselected passages. There is an answer to every difficulty, but it is unrecorded. We have to find it out for ourselves. "There are some things which it is the Will of God that we should be left to make out for ourselves, and make out by slow degrees."1 There are "the secret things which belong unto the Lord our God," and there are "the revealed things which belong unto us."2 Revelation is a royal prerogative, and it is for God to decide what to reveal and what to conceal. Probably, in proportion as we rightly study the things which belong unto us, God will reveal the secret things which belong unto Him. Meanwhile, we are the "children of the morning."3 We are only in the early morning of our faculties. and God bids us "make out for ourselves by slow degrees" things which He has given us minds and hearts to discover.

Even in the early morning of our intelligence, careful thought often explains our perplexities. Why, for instance, should the good suffer? Why should the ungodly prosper, and "come in no mis-

¹ Sanday's Bampton Lectures, 1893, p. 408.

⁸ Deut. xxix. 29. ⁸ Ps. cx. 3.

fortune, like other folk"?1 We think of St. Mary as our "Guild Poet" has sung of her :-

> "Sweeter than roses sweeter far, And lovelier than the lilies are. All, all that is most pure and good In God-created womanhood She was and is . . "2

And yet: Stabat Mater dolorosa-" there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother." It seems all wrong. But think! It is the good rather than the bad who should be, like Jesus, "tempted of the Devil." What can Satan gain by tempting the fallen? He is sure enough of the ungodly. It is the godly he wants. A Saint is worth winning. The sword-wound of Mary was a sign of her perfection. And it may be so, at a distance, with "all who are godly in Christ Jesus." 8 Love's chastisement is the sign of man's sonship. Again, we get bewildered at the indifference of the good to the sins of the bad, and the indifference of the bad to the sufferings of the good. "The King and Haman sat down to drink"what did they care?—"but the city Shushan was perplexed";4 and so are we. But perplexity is not sin: perplexity is one of the signs of the Second Advent,5 and life is very perplexing. There are the streets! How they puzzle us! The sin which comes from misery and the misery which comes from sin! How is it all to be put right? There is an answer, but

Ps. lxxiii. 5.
 A. Gurney.
 Esther iii. 15.
 St. Luke xxi. 25. 3 2 Tim. iii. 12.

the answer is not recorded. The explanation is an unselected passage. It must be thought out by us slowly and painfully; but it is known to God. "Jesus Himself knew what He would do." How restful is the thought, when we are "shouldering weights of pain," God knows!

"The very thinking of the thought,
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear."

God is the God of the streets and has His own plans for them. It is for us first to find them out and then to carry them out.

And we see how, even on earth, our faculties expand with use. In the rest and light (time to think, and light to see) of Paradise, and when "Heaven's morning breaks" upon the mind, we ourselves shall know what "Jesus Himself knew" all the time. Ah! if we will but come in the morning "for to hear Him," then "at eventide there shall be light." He will

"Make clear the forest-tangles
Of the wildest stranger-land."

2. Next, think of two attributes which belong to us, as "children of the morning." (i.) Freshness, an interior joy of heart, which shows itself in (ii.) Brightness, the outward look or expression which corresponds to the youth within.

¹ St. John vi. 6.

² E. B. Browning.

³ Faber.

⁴ E. B. Browning.

(i.) Freshness. "Jesus rejoiced in spirit":-and that freshness of Spirit kept Him in touch with young life, even with little children. Mary (the ideal Child of the Morning), said, "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." The interior joy of Jesus and Mary was, and is, a joy ever fresh, ever new; it is the "joy that cometh in the morning." So, too, the life of the Church is ever fresh. The Church of to-day is the Early Church: the Ancient Church is the Church of to-day. Like her Head, she is "the Ancient of days," whitehaired in age and experience; and like her Head, she has "eyes as a flame of fire," 1 flashing with all the freshness and the inspiring enthusiasm of youth. Consecrating Bishops, Ordaining Priests, Baptizing little ones, feeding the flock in her fresh, Sacramental, grace-streams—she is as fresh to-day as in the early morning of her life. She is the Bride; -fresh as a bride, bright as a bride, happy as a bride. Her silver and her golden weddings may come and go, but she is still the Bride. She is always, and everywhere, the Child of the Morning.

As with the Church, so with the Children of the Church. Each is a Child of the Morning. Children of the Morning! keep your freshness. None need it more than Nurses. Keep it for God, that you may have day by day a fresh, unsoiled life to lay down; keep it for your patients, that you may be in touch

with young life, and be a spring of freshness to the old or the dreary; keep it for yourselves, in sheer self-defence against a hard present, and a loveless future. What spoils our freshness? The sin of brooding. We "nurse our grievances" (and very bad nurses we are!) as if they were "cases" to be spoilt and petted, with no fixed aim of nursing them into health and freshness. What wonder if they turn upon us, like spoilt children, and, to our hurt, refuse to obey orders? We must be stiff with this sin. Brooding can be conquered if we believe it to be conquerable. What is the remedy? It is love. Brooding poisons freshness; but love kills brooding. Love keeps us fresh—the love of God for His own sake, the love of man for God's sake. It was Dante's love for Beatrice which kept him from the results of brooding over the wrongs which Italy had done him. Love kept him fresh; love kept him young. When you "get into a state," when you begin to brood, make Acts of Love-and then go and do something definite and practical "for love's sake." The soul that loves can never grow old. The heart that beats with love for the Sacred Heart is ever a fresh heart.

(ii.) Brightness. "Souls have faces." A soul fresh within, has a face bright without. Brightness is that aspect of the Bride's union with Christ of which she sings in Song ii. 12, "The flowers appear on the earth." The root of love, hidden away under the surface of every life, cannot long live underground.

It forces its way up till it appears with colour and fragrance, in all the glory of a flower-the fresh spring-flower of brightness. Children of the Morning! keep your brightness. None need it more than Nurses. Keep it, you who are called to rule. It is one of David's six requisites for a ruler. "He that ruleth must be as the light of the morning, a morning without clouds."1 Keep it if you are called to the easier task of serving. "Serve the Lord (in work as in worship) with gladness." Gladness in those who serve, makes brightness possible in those who rule-and the reverse. Keep it for God. Be like the stars which "shined in their watches and were glad; when He called them they said, Here we be; they shined with gladness unto Him that made them."2 Keep it for each other. Brightness is a treasure given you to spend on others. "I will give unto him the bright and morning star" (and a star shines for others) is the promise of Him who said of Himself, "I am the bright and Morning Star," the guiding, gladdening star of others' lives. We must appear as elements of brightness, as the Angel appeared to Cornelius, "clothed with bright clothing," with the joy of the message shining through the life of the messenger, as "the woman clothed with the sun" appeared to St. John, warming, brightening colouring his dismal, lonely Patmos. We on earth must be as "flowers which appear on the earth,

^{1 2} Sam. xxiii. 4.

² Baruch iii, 34.

brightening the earth, making it less unlike the brightness of Paradise and of Heaven. Keep your brightness, keep it for yourselves, as a safeguard against that interior depression which mars so many good lives.

Children of the Morning! Keep your brightness, God can use it wherever you are sent. "God will shew thy brightness unto every region under Heaven." 1 What spoils our brightness? The sin of grumbling. How well we know the grumblers! Nothing ever satisfies them. Like the Eastern dog, in the 50th Psalm, "they go about the city," with its endless cases and interests, "grin (i.e. snarl) like a dog, and grudge (i.e. grumble) if they be not satisfied"; and satisfied they never are. And we let them depress us: we grumble at their grumbling; and half unconsciously we join the dismal guild of grumblers! Grumbling spoils brightness as brooding spoils freshness. What is the remedy? It is found in another Psalm. Be like those "Who going through the vale of misery use it for a well," a fresh, bright, springing, sparkling well.2 It is such a great gift to be able to turn the miseries of life into occasions for brightness. Use your vale for a well. Brood, if you must brood, on the bright shades in your "vales of misery." It is so much better, so much happier, for Joseph to think of the "old man" in the old home, than to grumble at the way in which he

¹ Baruch v. 3. ² Ps. lxxxiv. 6.

had been treated by his family. Could he have forgiven his relations, and made a home for those who had made him homeless, if he had spoilt his life by grumbling at his brethren? "The old man of whom ye spake!" "Your youngest brother!" What tender memories crowd round the words! No germs of bitterness can live in the sunshine of such associations. Use rightly your past, present, and future. Think of the bright colours on the map of your past. Look at the bright side of your present surroundings. Believe in the bright times which the future has for you. True! there are the heartless "brethren." Never mind! They are but the instruments of your spiritual advancement, and the "ring" and the "vestures" and the "gold chain" and the "chariot" are waiting for you.1

3. But there are bad mornings in life as well as bright ones. There is the morning when Abraham could not sleep for anxiety, but "rose up very early" for a long day of sacrifice and surrender. There is the morning when King Darius could not sleep, but "arose very early and went in haste to the den of lions," to face the result of yesterday's sin; there are the three gloomy mornings when Joseph and Mary sought the Christ-Child and "found Him not." There is the morning when an instinct says, "It will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering."

¹ Gen. xli. 42.

² Gen. xxii. 3.

⁸ Dan. vi. 19.

⁴ St. Matt. xvi. 3

Ah! those lowering mornings! when we have to meet the Pilates and Herods of life, with their injustice and sarcasm and abuse of power and position! Well! we are in good company! "When the morning was come, all the chief priests and elders took counsel against Jesus to put Him to death," There came a morning when "Jesus went forth wearing the crown of thorns"; and there are mornings when we go forth wearing our crown of thorns. But see! how much better bad mornings turn out than we anticipate. Abraham "lifted up his eyes" and saw a thicket, an ordinary, thorny, prickly thicket; but in the thicket was a ram. To the surrendered will. the thicket reveals what it conceals. Every thicket has its ram. Darius hurries to the den full of dismal forebodings, and gloomy fears. Nothing can undo yesterday's sin. No! but things are not as black as they look. The den was bad enough, but the lions hadn't eaten Daniel. God had sent His angel. Every den has its Angel. Yes! We have our bad mornings. Like the women at the Sepulchre, we have prepared our spices; we have said our prayers, made our meditation, done our best to forecast the day's events, and then everything turns out differently: our spices don't seem to be wanted, and all our preparation seems to be wasted.1 What became of the "spices which they had prepared"? Were they less precious to God, less accepted by Him, because they were put to a different

¹ St. Luke xxiv. I.

use? Children of the Morning! "bring your spices." God will find a use for them. If you don't find what you do expect, you will find what you don't expect. There is no such thing as wasted preparation. Perhaps you have begun the day badly: like the South American Sloth, whose structure causes it to move slowly on the ground, you have "moved slowly," you have risen late, you have been "slothful." Catch yourself up by promptness. Be crisp and definite. Say some short prayer as you put on each part of the uniform which distinguishes you from others. Send up at least some such prayer as Bishop Ken's:—

(1) Direct, (2) control, (3) suggest this day All I (1) desire, or (2) do, or (3) say.

Don't go on badly simply because you have begun badly. Prepare promptly, if you cannot prepare leisurely. Even bad mornings have their uses; but we must use them. Mornings have wings, and the minutes soon fly away.

And Advent reminds us that "the morning cometh" for which every morning is a preparation. It may be in the morning, when we are most busy, when life is most full, when we are most fresh and strong, that the King will come. And if "it please the King" to come in the morning, then, Children of the Morning! be ready with your welcome.

¹ Ps. cxxxix. 8.

SECOND ADDRESS

AFTERNOON

A FTERNOON.—The word itself is only found once in the Bible,1 but the pages of the New Testament remind us that some of the most stupendous events in Christian history belong to the Afternoon. Think of the opening and closing scenes of our Lord's public ministry. (1) It is four o'clock 2 in the afternoon. Three men are walking by the riverside, talking as men can only talk in twos and threes, The Baptist, as some great Master in Theology, is giving an Instruction to two of his students. Suddenly Jesus, the Subject of the Instruction, comes in sight, "and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he said, Behold the Lamb of God!" Ecce Agnus Dei! And every Agnus Dei, in every Liturgy, in every hymn, in every Sermon on sin and the Sin-bearer, is but an echo of that Afternoon Instruction. The teacher tells us once, and for all, to throw our followers off ourselves and on to the Lamb, and bids the followers

¹ Judges xix. 8.

² The tenth hour, i.e., 4 p.m., according to all the earliest commentators (St. John i. 39).

"follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." A wonderful Afternoon!

(2) It is three o'clock on Good Friday—the darkest, brightest hour in time—the hour sacred to the memory of the Last Cry. Three o'clock! the hour which throws its softening power over every afternoon in life, and over the afternoon of every life. Three o'clock! the hour of None (nona hora—"the ninth hour" of St. Mark xv. 33), when the Office Bell, as some Passing Bell, rings out the "glad tidings of great joy" that Jesus has passed through death, and that death is but a passing to Jesus. Again, it is four o'clock, the hour of terror, when "the earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened"; the hour of Love's "infinite majesty"; the hour that still strikes in lives untouched by Love's great calm. A wondrous Afternoon!

And so we might go on. The Afternoon has a definite place in the day, and in history; in the daily life and in the history of the soul. Let us meditate then on the Afternoon.

I. The Afternoon of Life. It is not an easy time: it is an in-between time, and in-between times are often times of difficulty. The radiant morn has passed away, and the stars are not yet out. It is a middle period, and middle periods are often dark periods. Of the three periods in an undertaking, "begun, continued and ended," the middle period is

¹ St. Matt. xxvii. 51, 52.

often the hardest. Solomon's life had its dark period of sin in between the joy of innocence and the brightness of penitence. The Bride's life is a dark life midway between the rhapsody of untried affections and the rapture of experimental love,1 The Prodigal's life is a miserable life, a life of galling dependence, midway between the passing pleasure of a rudderless independence, and the lasting happiness of a free obedience. Peter begins to sink midway between the ship and the shore. St. Teresa longs wearily for all to be over half-way between her early eager longing and the more disciplined longing of age to make His will her will. The valley of the shadow of death is in between the green pastures and the house of the Lord.2 "Midlent Sunday" seems to need the "mothering" name of "Refreshment Sunday."

Middle periods are dark periods: it is not always so, but it is so very often. There comes an Afternoon when, in the very nature of things, life is neutral, neither light nor dark, neither fresh with the "dew of the morning," nor coloured with the red of the evening glow. It is a time of shade. "We see not our tokens" of God's care and love, in the old ways and in the old forms: "there is not one prophet more," who can understand, and help us, and put us

¹ Song iii. 2.

² See Ellicott's Commentary on Revelation, vi. 7.

³ Ps. lxxiv. 9.

right. And the heart, unconscious of any wilful disloyalty, cries out for a meaning. Why this shadeland? What does it all mean? It means, very likely, that we are getting spiritually middle-aged; that we have lost a natural buoyancy which we mistook perhaps for supernatural joy; that the spiritual, like the physical life has its Afternoon, and that we are in it. When this period comes, as come it will, remember two things. (a) It is a necessary period. It is as much part of our spiritual "twelve hours"1 as the afternoon is part of the day. And as such, it has a definite place in our lives, and a definite work in our souls. (b) It is a testing period. We have said, "Examine me, O Lord, and test me,"2 and God has taken us at our word, and answered our prayer. He is testing the use we are making of morning Grace, morning Sacraments, morning Revelations. It is the time when, as it were, the cement is being left to dry, lest we should build up our spiritual lives on insecure foundations. It can no more be left out of life than the afternoon can be struck out of a day. As the afternoon connects the morning and evening, emerging from the one and merging into the other; so this middle period connects the beginning and the end of the soul's day.

And after all, it won't last for ever: for (c) it is a transition period, and transition periods are periods

¹ St. John xi. 9.

² Ps. xxvi. 2.

of progress. As we scale the ladder of Perfection, we move "from Faith to Faith," from "Strength to Strength," from "Glory to Glory." Faith's reward is ever found in fresh demands. In the Spiritual Combat fresh difficulties are fresh honours. As soon as one glory is revealed, another glory opens out upon our spiritual vision. In the spiritual life there is always a reach beyond, and always power to reach it. If middle periods are dark periods, they are also periods of movement. If it is true historically that the "Middle Ages" were the "Dark Ages," it is also true that out of them-"towards evening"-sprang the Renaissance, that great period of recovery, that re-birth of learning, beauty, and enthusiasm. It is so in the soul's history. If the spiritual life has its "Middle Ages," its "Dark Ages," it is out of this period that there springs a Spiritual Renaissance, The Afternoon is "towards Evening," and at "evening time there shall be light,"

2. The Afternoon of Nursing. All lasting movements have their transition periods. We are, perhaps, passing through some such time in the Nursing movement. The patronage of fashion; the unequal training of those who are called "Nurses"; the relentless law of supply and demand; the opening out of a new means of livelihood for women;—all make an afternoon period intelligible and necessary. The Morning freshness of the recovered ideal has partly gone, and the Evening experience, which

only comes with time and failure, has not yet come—not yet fully exposed the fallacy of attempting to do Christ's work without attempting to lead Christ's life. Results have not yet shaped the future of the movement. We are in the "Middle Ages":—ages often dark with disappointment, and sad from a knowledge of facts. But the teaching of history is ours. Surely the Guild, surely a Guild Retreat, is a sign of the coming "Renaissance," of recovery, rebirth, and renewal of the ideal. God help us to see it, and to hasten it! Our Afternoon is "towards Evening," and "at evening time there shall be light."

3. Afternoon Cases. We know them! They are not easy cases. They have lost the bright Morning sunshine which makes nursing them a pleasure, and they have not yet reached the Evening period of "settling down." They are middle-aged in more ways than one. May I say a word for some of them? Perhaps we know their feelings ourselves. Life has often been very rough with them. Like the middle notes on some schoolroom piano, they have been practised on, and ill-treated, and thumped, and bumped, and worn, and have had half the music knocked out of them. But they have had their use, they have done their work. Can anyone do more? There are no outward signs of success about them, perhaps. We don't all wear medals; and some who best deserve them have no medals

¹ Zech. xiv. 7.

to wear. "It requires a hero to see a hero," and it may be our own lack of heroism which blinds us to the heroic in others. Try and feel pleasant over your "afternoon cases." Make life a bit easier for them. Learn from them: they are test cases, and expose your motive in working, and the purity of your intention. And they, too, have their great "Renaissance" coming.

4. The Afternoon Walk.1 Think of that middle period of time between Calvary and Olivet. "Two of them" are walking along a country road, to Emmaus. "And they talked together of things which had happened." It is a hint for us on our walks, in our talks, at our recreation time. "Things which had happened" outside their own working lives and occupations! We do so greatly need to get outside the narrow stuffy passage of routine thought and talk, which like some "blind alley," leads us nowhere, and seems to bolt and to bar all mental freshness out of our lives. To talk of nothing but our work and routine is to live in a windowless attic, breathing the same air over and over again. "Things which had happened!" Current events, home life, music, books, papers—anything, everything, rather than always and everywhere the one thing! And we need not exclude the subject which has for ever endeared to us the walk to Emmaus. We get sick and tired of religious discussion, religious gossip,

¹ St. Luke xxiv. 13, 14.

irreligious religiousness. But "two" may "reason together" "as they walk" of things too sacred, too tender to discuss at a meal, or to blurt out in a roomful; and it has happened, as it will happen again, that as they talk "Jesus Himself" draws near; and lo! our road to Emmaus becomes a path to holiness.

So let us meditate on the Afternoon, and see in it a true part of our spiritual life, leading us from the Morning Watch into the Evening light which "shineth more and more unto the Perfect Day."

THIRD ADDRESS

EVENING

THINK of three evening pictures: (1) A lonely Figure on a lonely Mountain.¹ (2) A busy evening in a busy street.² (3) A Poor Man's burial in a rich man's grave.³

(1) "When Even was come He was there (on the Mount) alone." It had been a tiring day for Jesus. Calls upon our sympathy are always tiring: and "five thousand, besides women and children" had been craving and clamouring for sympathy—"moving" Jesus with compassion. "I have compassion on the multitude" was no mere phrase. True sympathy is terribly exhausting: it tires the giver in proportion as it refreshes the receiver. The Compassion of Jesus meant an expenditure of actual nerve force, as real to Him as it is to us when we "give ourselves out" to others. It tired Him. The day was not unlike one of ours. We, too, know the time "when even is come," and

¹ St. Matt. xiv. 23. ² St. Matt. viii. 16. ³ St. Matt. xxviii. 57.

we are tired out, and alone. We have longed for it, and we are too tired to use it when it comes. Thought is difficult, and prayer seems impossible. It is not an easy time to use wisely and well. Perhaps this is why the Master went through it. Jesus lives inside our lives. He knows what it is to be tired and alone; so do we. We are in good company.

It is well for us to get alone sometimes in the Evening, and to think. What has the Evening to say to us? Two things: Look back; look on.

Look back. The time is now past. It is always strange to feel that our "time is past," and yet it is continuously true. Home-time is past; school-time is past; probation-time is past; training-time is past; hospital-days are, perhaps, past; the well-known faces and mannerisms and voices of Doctors and of Matron, of Sisters and Nurses - they belong to the past: the very buildings-chapel, theatre, wards, passages, they are all, maybe, things of the past. We wonder as we look back. Why did we spend this past so thriftlessly? Why were we so stupid and wasteful? Then, we despond, and call ourselves names; say that we are failures; cripple the future by misusing the past, and act as if past failure absolved us from future effort. May I give you three hints for such moods?

¹ St. Mark vi. 35.

IN WATCHINGS OFTEN

114

(a) Don't be over-ready to call yourselves failures. It is one of the sins of the age. "I'm a failure," we say, "and there's an end of it." No, there is not an end of it. Remember:

Failures are foundations. They may be built upon. "How did you learn to ride standing?" an acrobat was asked. "By remembering how I fell off the last time," was the reply. His failure was the foundation on which he built his success; our success is often built upon our failure. Others, too, may build upon our failures. The failure of the "many" who "took in hand" to write a Life of Christ moved St. Luke to compile his Gospel. We, too, have "taken in hand" many things; we have done them badly or have failed to carry them through: others (have we never resented it?) have built upon our failure :- and so our failure has been a success after all! We enabled others to succeed. Remember, too: Failings are not failures. It takes many failings to make a failure. We may fall in our effort without failing in our purpose. Christ fell beneath the Cross: had He come down from the Cross, He would have failed. Next:-

(b) Don't be afraid to offer the fag-end, the evening, of a life, or work to God. God accepts us and ours at all stages—Morning, Afternoon, and Evening. He loves us to come early, but He does not refuse

¹ St. Luke i. 1-3.

us late. So Tennyson teaches in his "New Year's Eve":

"He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin.

Now tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in."

God welcomes the late-comer. "Well-begun is half-done," but ill-begun may be well done.

Then-

(c) Don't despise a spoilt life. God can re-shape a "marred vessel." The potter made "another vessel" out of the broken bits of marred pottery. There were the bits, broken and spoilt, and he took them and used them; and, "cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord." God does not tie Himself down to His original purpose for a soul. He can always re-shape a broken life and make "another vessel" out of it. You remember poor Guinevere. It is "late, late, so late" in her story; it is "too late, too late" for the fallen Queen to live the Queenly life at Camelot; her "time is now past." But there is another life for her at Almesbury. If she cannot be a Queen Royal she can be a Royal Abbess:—

"So the stately Queen abode
For many a week, unknown, among the nuns.

* * * * * * *

Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life, Was chosen Abbess; there, an Abbess, lived For three brief years; and there, an Abbess past To where beyond these voices there is peace."

¹ Jer. xviii. 6.

Failure is a word which can never be finally written in this life.

Look on. Nurses, as well as others, have to face the evening of life, and to many of them the thought is one of anxiety. The very existence of Pension Funds reminds us that a day is coming when it shall be said, "in it thou shalt do no manner of work." How are we to live? It is hard to sav. But there are two words which will help us to face the thought -Faith and Thrift. Faith looks into the future, and whispers, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," Thrift looks into the present and explains, in part, how it is to be done. Both are necessary. "God will provide" for those who try to provide for themselves. Faith gives no warrant for ill-considered expenditure; thrift says, "well-considered expenditure is real economy."1 The Prodigal was "thriftless" (as the word "riotous" means); so he began to be "in want." And being in want, he "joined ('glued') himself" to-put himself into the hands and power of-"a citizen of that country," forgetful of the principles and motives of "another Country"! hence his misery. And his story is often ours. Thriftlessness leads to want; want leads us to "join ourselves" recklessly to some brittle company, or some unprincipled adventurer; we place our money with "a citizen of that country" whose citizens live for self, and away go our savings. It is surely partly our own faults. It is as much a duty to take care with whom we place our money, as on what we spend it. Again, the careless way in which we spend small sums; the want of self-denial in buying presents we cannot afford; the not giving in alms as much as with self-denial we can afford; carelessness in losing things—such things suggest that Faith and Thrift still have something to say to us as we face the evening of life. God doesn't send ravens to feed the prodigal, but he provides for the prophet when he cannot provide for himself.¹

But the evening is a happy as well as an anxious time to look forward to. Take one thought. "At evening time it shall be light." The evening throws light on the past. As we grow older we seem to see reasons why God has "thus dealt with us"; we understand the thwartings and crossings which have puzzled and shaken us; we "do know and believe the love" in Divine refusals. We see it all now: God has not been cheating us: He has been saving us from cheating ourselves. Oh! the tenderness in the Divine "no!" We see it in the Evening. Read Mrs. E. B. Browning's Isobel's Child. Listen to the mother blindly pleading for her sick babe's life:

"Oh! take not, Lord, my babe away; Oh! take not to Thy songful heaven The pretty baby Thou hast given."

¹ I Kings xvii. 4.

The Prayer is answered, but the answer is "no";
—and the babe dies. How cruel it seems! Was
it really cruel? Read on; listen to the prayer of
the babe:—

"O Mother, Mother, loose thy prayer!
Christ's name hath made it strong!
It bindeth me, it holdeth me,
With its most loving cruelty,
From floating my new soul along
The happy, heavenly air."

There is the reason for God's "no." Her prayers were injuring her child. "Thy prayers do keep me out of bliss." And so Isobel "changed the cruel prayer she made," and saw that God knew best. It may be so with us. "At Evening time it shall be light." We shall see the reason for so many things when "the time is now past."

(2) "When even was come, they brought unto Him all that were diseased." A strange evening! An evening to be remembered and talked of in the town for many a long day! They bring their sick to Jesus; and Jesus is God. "God healed him," says our Guild motto. It is so easy to say it as a Guild Motto; but it needs some courage to own it practically and publicly. Yet God requires it of us. "Who touched Me"; "Who touched My clothes," He asks the crowd. He knew it was the poor trembling woman He has cured; but in spite of her "trembling," for her own sake and for the crowd's, He

makes her own Him before them all. He expects the same of us. And so, spiritually; if we take our sick to Jesus, we shall not fear when Jesus takes them to Himself.

(3) "When Even was come, Joseph went in boldly, and begged the Body of Jesus, and laid it in his own new tomb." The burial of Jesus has given a new meaning to all funerals. Because that dead Body was Christ's Body, the bodies of all Christians are sacred after death. Sometimes it is hard work to "confess it before men." It needs the "boldness" of St. Joseph to stand being thought sentimental, superstitious, or pious in hospital, to be devotional in the mortuary, to be reverent in the bedroom. But we are just the very people to do it. Notice! St. Joseph dared to use his position in life for Christ. He was "a rich man and a counsellor." Would he have been admitted to see the Governor if he had not been a counsellor? Would Pilate have made him the greatest Gift then on earth-"the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ"-had he been a pauper? Joseph was the very man to "go in boldly," and he went. Use your position. Go in boldly when there is need, and get leave to do what friends and relations are indifferent to. Many Nurses spend time and health and money in "tending" the empty body which would otherwise be desecrated by neglect: such gifts rank with the

¹ St. Luke viii. 45.

Easter Offerings, the linen and spices and ointment, of the Women of the Holy Sepulchre.

And now we go back to our work, with its morning, afternoon, and evening routine. Remember! If each stage of life is well lived in its own proper order, each stage will have its own proper happiness. The happiness of the morning may not be that of the afternoon, nor the happiness of the afternoon that of the morning; but both morning and afternoon lead on to that evening peace which Jesus still brings to His own "at evening, when the doors are shut," and our day's work is done.

FIRST ADDRESS

THE CRY OF HUMANITY

THE cry of humanity is for Divinity. I want God. I may have my reckless moods and don't-care moments, but I can't get on without God. "O my God, I cry in the daytime, and Thou hearest not," and life is not worth living. No! life is not worth living, here or hereafter, without God. "My soul is athirst for the Living God," as a living reality of my life. And yet I am tempted to doubt. The temptation comes to me through (1) Dogmatic assertions; (2) Off-hand assertions.

(1) Dogmatic assertions. A strong statement is a cunning substitute for a weak argument. For instance: (a) "Science is opposed to a belief in God." Here is a strong commonplace assertion, best met by a dogmatic denial. Science is not opposed to a belief in God. "Science deals with secondary causes." It assumes the existence of a Creator, and confines itself to interpreting Creation. The functions of science are as exclusive as they are inclusive. Or (b) "At all events, the

cleverest men do not believe in God." But they do! Professor Huxley, e.g., says that if there were no God we should have to create one. Herbert Spencer lays it down that "Science will not allow us to say that things made themselves." Prince Bismarck tells us that he would not care to live "had he not a belief in God and a better future"; and so on. Do remember, that the greatest thinkers of the greatest ages have felt the greatest need of God. "Lord, to whom shall we go" for the solution of life, if not to Thee? Who—what—is the alternative?

(2) Off-hand assertions. You know their power! "Oh! you don't believe in religion, do you? Surely you don't go in for Church? I thought that kind of thing was exploded long ago!" Such off-hand assertions, made with a cynical look and contemptuous shrug, are contemptibly effective. Do use your common sense. "Who says it?" Is it one who has even thought of, much less studied the subject? What is his opinion worth on this particular point? A moment's thought would remind us of the absurdity of staking our happiness on such intolerable stuff. Off-hand assertions are full of danger when the speaker is contemptuous, or "taking." Do not listen to them, at all events without protest. You would certainly not allow another to speak of one you care for on earth in such an insulting way.

"If any touch my friend or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blasted fame
From the least spot or thought of blame.
I could not use a friend as I use Thee."

GEO. HERBERT.

Man's need of God is the testimony of Experience.

There are two wants in man which experience proves can only be satisfied by God. (1) I want Peace; (2) I want Rest.

(1) Peace. The world with all its colossal resources cannot give us peace. One only, with a divine daring, has dared to say, "In Me ye shall have peace." "Have you found peace?" We are only too familiar with the question, and we are apt to shirk giving an answer because of its surroundings. But it is the Church's own question. Take your Bible, Prayer Book and Hymn Book, and get an answering thought from each.

Ist the Bible. What does the Bible say? Listen to the piteous cry of a woman seeking peace—the cry of the Bride in the Song of Songs. "Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?" She has lost her Love; she has lost her peace. And then follows the glad rapture of discovery, "I have found Him Whom my soul loveth." Here, in the story of the Bride's search for her Bridegroom, is the real meaning of finding peace. "Saw ye Him." And then: "I have found Him." Peace is a person.

"He is our peace." Peace is union with a personal Saviour, not pleasure in a personal sensation. We lose so much in religion by substituting the neuter gender for the masculine. Half our theological mistakes come from reading "it" where God writes "Him." In the Divine Liturgy, for instance, the words are "Feed upon Him," not "it." "Do this in remembrance of Me," not "it," however sweet the memory of a past event may be. It is so with Peace. To have "found peace" is to "have found Him of whom Moses and the Prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth." 1

We may ask then the question as the Church—the real, sacramental, Peace Society—asks it. If you have—if like St. Andrew you have "found the Messiah"—it matters little where you are or what you feel or what you do; you are satisfied. Unless you have, it matters nothing where you are or what you feel or what you do, you are dissatisfied. "Grant us,² Lord, so to seek Thee whom our souls desire to love, that we may both find Thee and be found of Thee." "Thou that takest away the sins of the world, grant us Thy peace."

But (b) we may lose Peace. Sin may cause the Beloved to withdraw Himself. And so the Bride cries, "I will hold Him and will not let Him go." This loss may be a real loss. We may be Baptized,

¹ St. John i. 45.

² Collect for a Retreat (Cowley, Manual of Intercession, p. 39).

Confirmed, Absolved, Communicants; and yet, by wilful sin, we may lose Peace. Sloth, for instance, is the worst enemy of true peace. "God made us without ourselves, but He will not save us without ourselves." We may loosen our hold by leaving off trying. So the Bride cries: I will hold Him; Yes; and He will hold me. Jesus! my hold is so feeble! My grasp is so weak! "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe." I am like the infant clasping the mother's neck with tiny hand and feeble hold; holding, but held; holding with the tenacity of weakness, but held by the strong love-grip of the Everlasting Arms.

Next the *Prayer Book*. It couples together ² "peace and happiness." Peace is not necessarily happiness. We may be at peace with God and yet for a time feel very unhappy. The *results* of even forgiven sin, as seen in its consequences, may well dull our feelings of happiness. Physical causes may depress us, as they depressed Jonah, who wished to die because the wind was in the East! Happy feelings are luxuries, not things requisite and necessary. God loves us to have luxuries when we can bear them, but He sees sometimes they are bad for our soul's health. ⁴ Let us thank God when peace and happiness are coupled together, but do not let

¹ Ps. cxix. 117.

² Prayer for High Court of Parliament.

⁸ Jonah iv. 8. ⁴ St. John xx. 17.

us worry, or doubt, if the calm of peace lacks the sunshine of joy.

Then the *Hymn Book*. Take one thought from three hymns:

- (a) "Peace, perfect peace in this dark world of sin"; (b) "And none, O Lord, have perfect rest"; (c) "Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thy eternal peace."
- (a) Here the thought is peace in war, not peace from war. There is "perfect peace" to the pardoned soul, even in this dark world of sin, but it is the peace which sets the soul free to fight. Union with the Prince of Peace frees the soul to lead the Princely life. It is the peace of the warrior who has settled all his affairs and can fight without distraction. (b) But none, not even the greatest Saint, has "perfect peace" from warfare. "What peace," so long as one single sin "defiles the robe which wraps an earthly Saint"? "What peace," so long as bad passion reigns, one wrong remains to be righted, one soul has to be won? Again, there is no real peace without holiness. Righteousness comes before peace. "The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness."1 Christ reveals Himself to the soul a "first King of Righteousness, and after that King of Salem, which is King of peace."2 Righteousness and peace must kiss each other before there is perfect peace. So we must work here, in peace but fighting

¹ Isa. xxxii. 17.

² Heb. vii. 2.

-"with the praises of God in our mouth, and a two-edged sword in our hand." 1 Not until the trumpet has sounded "Cease firing" can the soul sing its Nunc Dimittis, the peace-poem of God's true Warriors. (c) "Then"—and what a "then" that will be !-

> "Then when Thy Voice shall bid our Conflict cease: Call us, O Lord, to Thy Eternal peace."

One practical thought! If we have made our peace with God, we shall be peacemakers among men. The Bride in our story takes her Treasure "into her mother's house" 2-into the details of ordinary household duties. So must we. We might well make our own the rule of life given to the Seventy. "Into whatsoever house ye enter, first say Peace be to this house." "May I be an element of peace, and not of discord in this house—to patient, family, servants. And if I lose my patient-Requiescat in pace! May he, may she, rest in peace!"

(2) Rest. "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." Who but God would dare say so? Who but God could make the promise good? What is rest? Rest is self-committal. "Commit thy way unto the Lord," and ye shall "find rest to your souls." Oh! my soul! knowest thou aught of this rest of selfcommittal? Why this fretting? Ah! there are two kinds of fretwork in the Spiritual life. Frets may

¹ Ps. cxlix, 6. ² Cant. iii. 4.

be God-sent, or man-made. God-sent worries purify while they discipline. To "fret," in architecture means "to adorn," to "eat into" and chisel the stone until it corresponds with the artist's conception. This is God's fretwork. God-sent frets and worries eat into the soul and cut and chisel it into God's conception for it. But there is a self-fretting, against which we are warned in the "fret not thyself" of Psalm xxxvii. I. Self-invented worries have no promise of grace. Man-made frets which eat the heart out of life must be "met and fought outright" like any other sin. Three remedies are suggested for wrong fretting in Psalm xxxvii. 3. (1) Trust. "Trust in the Lord"-i.e., in a Divine Person. The cry of humanity is for Divinity: for it can be satisfied with nothing less. There are some frets which can be dealt with in no other way.

"Simply trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way,
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all."

(2) Work. "Be doing good." Work is God's remedy for worry. "Son! go work." Do something for somebody; write a letter; copy something; don't brood unresistingly; make an effort. (3) Patience. "Dwell in the land." Stay where you are. Don't give in at once to the longing to "fly away and be at rest." Don't immediately ask to be moved. You will pretty generally find your peace in the place

where the fret comes. "Verily thou shalt be fed" with just that which God sees you most lack.

Michael Angelo tells us that he always painted the Blessed Virgin young-looking, as he ever thought of her as taking the frets and worries of her swordpierced life so trustfully. Here is our parable!

SECOND ADDRESS

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

"Ave Maria! Mother blest, To whom, caressing and caressed, Hangs the Eternal child."

(Read 2 Kings iv. 19; Lam. ii. 12, iv. 4; St. Matt. x. 42; Titus ii. 4.)

ISTEN to the cry of the children—and from a secular writer. "I grow'd up in the street, quite loose and permiskus like, you see, and took to vice because I'd nothing else to take to, and because nobody had never given me a sight o' virtue." To give the children "a sight o' virtue"! This is our work. It makes no difference whether we are naturally drawn to children or not. Special drawings do not exempt us from general duties. Disinclinations are not dispensations. The children's claim is universal.

What a power in the world these children are! The painter has caught the thought, and expressed it in endless pictures of the Madonna and Child.

¹ Mark Twain's Soliloguy of a Low Thief.

The poet has sung of their power to reconcile the living—

"For when we came where lies the child We lost in other years, There above the little grave, O there above the little grave, We kissed again with tears"—

and to rouse "the dead,"

"Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
'Sweet my child, I live for thee.' "1

Our age has heard the cry—as in the wonder-working Cry of the Children, by E. B. Browning—and we are vying with each other, in religion, in education, in "better-housing" schemes, to give them "a sight of virtue" and "something else to take to" but vice.

And surely the Children's Nurse and the Children's Hospital are part of our response to the children's cry. Take two thoughts suggested by them.

(1) Children are Object-lessons to Nurses. The Children's Ward! What a school of Theology it is! (a) We are brought face to face with suffering innocents. The fact strikes us with a sort of thud. What does it mean? What, after all, is the difference between a savage who slaughters a load of children in his own honour, and a God who "makes infants to glorify Him by their death"?—between Herod,

¹ Tennyson's Princess, ii. and vi.

who massacres the innocents, and God, Who could have stopped the massacre and didn't? How can children suffer and God be just? I don't know. There is a complete answer to this and many another enigma, but I don't know, as yet, what it is. The conditions of the Fall involve limitations in knowledge, and my temporary ignorance is not the measure of God's Eternal Wisdom. Only the very stupid refuse to believe because they cannot understand.

Besides, God has nowhere pledged Himself to explain Himself or His methods to us now and here. If He had, we should have a right to complain of enigmas; but He has nowhere guaranteed perfect knowledge in an imperfect state. He says to half life's conundrums: "Thou shalt know hereafter"; and thou shalt see how God has bent every seeming injustice to serve thy real interest. Anyhow, it is far more reasonable to believe that God is just and loving, and has loving ends in view, than to label him a brutal, purposeless tyrant, who could stop childtorture and doesn't. Our question rather should be, how can children suffer, and God be unjust?—as He would be if He had no love-end in view. Well! "God is His Own Interpreter, and He will make it plain," some day. But for the Christian even in the twilight of earthly knowledge, a partial explanation is seen. Pain, as Dr. Liddon says, is like a Sacrament-and, like a Sacrament, its benefits depend on the conditions in which it is received. Just as we believe that Holy Baptism is "the means whereby" the infant receives a full measure of grace because it cannot oppose a rebel will, so we may think of pain as an agency through which the child is being perfected before a rebel will can oppose any hindering barriers to its spiritual effect. "Perfect through suffering" of some kind is the law of universal growth—for child as well as for adult.

Again (b), the Children's Ward is a Commentary on the mystery of Heredity.¹ The same question and the same answer (which is but half an answer) meet us as before. As yet we cannot fully explain the justness of it. "Thou shalt know hereafter." If we had no other evidence for a "hereafter," the mystery of Heredity would almost suffice. Heredity would seem to make a just God and a future state necessities. Thus the mystery already becomes a revelation, and "the things which are," reveal "the things which shall be hereafter." 2

(2) Nurses are object-lessons to children—and chiefly through giving impressions. (a) By their faces. "By the beauty of a woman many have been led astray," and by the beauty of a woman many have been led aright—and some plain faces are the most beautiful of all. Perhaps a child sees our faces more as God sees them than anyone else does. Expressions

¹ See The Cry of the Children.

⁹ Rev. i. 19. Cf. Lam. ii. 12 with Zech. viii, 5.

³ Ecclus. ix. 8.

convey impressions. A face bright with looking unto Jesus must carry its impressions to those who look upon it. We may be unconscious of it, but, if we have been on the Mount with God, others will see it. God works through features, and sometimes we are responsible for the impressions conveyed through our faces. "Forbid them not" includes the forbidding face. May our faces give the children "a sight o' virtue"!

- (b) By their words. We cannot date the age at which children begin to understand. The "discreet answer," even to a little child, is one test of nearness to the Kingdom of Heaven.² The foul words we hear used in the presence of children should remind us of our own carelessness in talking before them. "Even a slip on the pavement is better than a slip of the tongue." §
- (c) By their uniform. Clothes convey impressions.⁴ The dress we wear, the colours which attract, the medal which the little hand clutches at, all play their part in the formation of character in child-life due to impressions.

See next, how the ministry of children has its own special rewards and punishments.

The punishment for injuring them is revealed in St. Matthew xviii. 6—a punishment only fully realised

¹ Exod. xxxiv. 29, 30.

See Rev. xix. 8, etc., cf. The Lord of Burleigh (Tennyson).

when we remember that death by drowning deprived the Jew of burial, a deprivation representing to him the most barbarous indignity.1 The Reward for kindness to them is revealed in the story of the cup of cold water 2-a reward only fully realised when we remember the enormous cost of such a gift in a hot, waterless, Eastern country, after a long parching journey. The weary traveller who shall raise the refreshing water to his lips, and then give it to a thirsty child-going without it himself-shall receive the reward promised to the highest (not the least) act of self-sacrifice.

May I give you two hints? (1) In nursing children, we are dealing with other people's property. We have no right to treat them as our own; or rather we should see that we do "treat them as our own." To spoil another person's child is to betray our trust, to make self-conquest harder for the child, and correction less easy for the parents. To harden another's child by neglect or by rough and selfish treatment is as bad. "If ye have been unfaithful in that which is another's, who shall give unto you that which is your own?"3 Whatever the words really mean, punishment and reward for our treatment of "that which is another's" is clearly hinted at.

(2) " Teach mothers to love their children." 4 The state of society revealed in the need for such an

¹ Rev. xi. o.

² St. Matt. x. 42.

⁸ St. Luke xvi. 12. 4 Titus ii. 4.

injunction would be best commented upon by our District and Private Nurses. We can at least "teach mothers" by showing our interest in those to whom they are so indifferent, if in no more direct a way.

Lastly: either you are drawn or not drawn to nurse children. (a) You are drawn to them. It is a very beautiful vocation to be a Children's Nurse; -a nurse in the Royal Family of the Great King, decorated by the Christ-Child with the Star of the Order of Bethlehem. If the guiding-star of your life leads you to where the young children lie, open the best treasures of your spiritual and intellectual life for them. The actual must of course be terribly different from the pictorial. There will, perhaps, be no soft Italian glow of "Madonna and Child" thrown over the child-life as a nurse sees it; hour by hour, day and night. There will be no eager pressing of mothers to place their children in the Saviour's Arms as in the picture in the Flemish Room in the National Gallery. The Manger in fact was very different to the Manger in Art. The poetry of the harvest-field and the reapers, with the sun shining on the curly head of the little one crying to his father, "My head! my head!" vanishes into prose as we see in the father an ordinary agricultural labourer, who (man-like!) responds to his sick child's cry with a helpless, "Take him to his mother!" But there is the poetic side. And it is in the faithful

discharge of routine duties and in self-sacrificing effort to sun the child-plant into life and growth, that prose and poetry unite to give the children "a sight o' virtue" and something else "to take to" but vice.

Or, (b) you are not drawn to children. They do not appeal to you naturally: perhaps, you dislike them. Then be on your guard. Don't despise them.¹ They are committed to the care of the Holy Angels—and to you. When a child's case comes along, and you hate it, remember that the best work in the world is often the work which has to be done. "Despise not" such a case; throw yourself into it and you will learn from it something which you will be a better woman for knowing,² and you will give the child something it will be a better child for having.

In old pictures of the Coronation of the Virgin, the Virgin and Child are enthroned together, and the Christ-Child crowns the Virgin-Mother. It is a parable of hope for the Children's Nurse.

¹ St. Matt. xviii. 10. 2 St. Matt. xviii. 2, 4.

THIRD ADDRESS

THE CRY OF THE ANGELS

- (1) THE Seraphim.—"They cried one to another, saying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of His Glory."
- (2) The Cherubim.—" Their faces shall look one to another." 2 "Even to the mercy seatward were the faces of the Cherubim." 3
- (3) "Cherubim and Seraphim."—"And when the Living Creatures give glory... the four-and-twenty elders worship." 4

The Cry of the Angels is the Cry of Sympathy. The lip-sympathy of the Seraphim, and the look-sympathy of the Cherubim unite in the perfect human sympathy of the Living Creatures who combine the symbols of both Cherubim and Seraphim.

I. The Seraphim. "They cry one to another," uplifting themselves, and rousing each other to higher reaches of worship and work. Sympathy is antiphonal. They sing "each to each the alternate hymn." And here we find the real meaning and

¹ Isa, vi. 3. ² Exod. xxv. 20. ³ Exod. xxxvii. 9. ⁴ Rev. iv. 6-11.

object of our Guild. We belong to the Guild to stimulate ourselves, and to rouse each other to live for God, and so to make "the whole earth full of His glory." It is so easy to get drowsy to better things. Like the Apostles in the Garden we miss our chance of helping others, by falling asleep ourselves. Think of that "Guild" of the Chosen Three. If only one of the three, Peter, James, or John, had remained awake, he might, at least, have kept the other two from falling asleep. So would they have fulfilled the purpose for which they were called apart—to be a guard of sympathy to the sleepless Sufferer. As members of the Guild we must "cry one to another," keeping each other wakeful, and so keeping ourselves from sleep.

Take two special ways:

- (1) The Guild Meetings. We cannot, wilfully, and without a cause, miss a Guild Meeting, without the whole Guild (ourselves included) suffering loss. If one Seraph missed one "Holy" there would be the loss of some note in the harmony of the Angelic Choir. We must be careful not to let any fanciful reason keep us from the Guild Meeting.
- (2) The Guild Prayer. "To say daily the prayed for the Guild." So runs our first Guild rule. It is a voluntary obligation, and we cannot omit it unnecessarily without the shock of loss being felt throughout the whole Guild. Our responsibility in fulfilling voluntary obligations can only be measured by our

loss in neglecting them. Be regular in the use of the Guild Prayer. In it we cry one to another as well as to God. We may tire of saying the same prayer over and over again, and through our weariness make our repetitions "vain," but God never tires of hearing the ceaseless *Trisagion* of the Seraphim, and He puts a new meaning to each "Holy" as it reaches His Ear. See, then, that you do, indeed, keep yourselves and each other awake to your responsibilities as Guild Nurses: so shall you fulfil the object of the Guild, which is "to assist in maintaining a high standard of faith and practice in the exercise of your profession."

Again, "They cry one to another saying." There are two kinds of sympathy, lip-sympathy and look-sympathy: and the first is the sympathy of the Seraphim "saying." And the old difficulty at once crops up. It is so hard to speak of deeper things. When shall I cry? What shall I say?

(1) When shall I speak? Hardly ever! you reply. Perhaps so! Only don't shut the door to the exceptional case. There are both casual and supreme moments in life when you are bound to speak out for Christ. How can "the Woman" in "the Nurse" forget that she is part of the great Company of whom it is said, "The Lord giveth the word: the women that publish the tidings are a great host." It is, of course, easy to see the harm various types

¹ Ps. lxviii. 11 (R.V.)

of "religious women" might do by so-called "religious talk"; but it is not easy to see how any woman, least of all a Church-woman, can dispense herself from ever "speaking of the things" she herself "has heard"; from ever passing on to another the secret of her own happiness.

(2) What shall I say? The Angels cry; (a) first: "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord!" The theme first suggested is God, the All-Holy, All-Loving, All-Just. Very rarely, but sometimes, we can speak of God. Men don't hate God; men hate cant. (b) And then they cry, "The whole earth is full of His glory." The second part of the Angelic song is the betterment of life on this earth. Philanthropy is Part II., but it is like unto, and has its roots in Part I. The sick-room has before now been the birthplace of plans for making some bit of earth less gloomy, less full of temptation, more full of the Sunlight of God's Glory. In some cases the order is best inverted, and earth leads up to Heaven. But there is another kind of sympathy—the sympathy of the Cherubim.

II. The Cherubim. Their cry is a look. "And their faces shall look one to another." The look which says, "I understand exactly" often pierces deeper than words. Think of that silent look between the Madonna and Child as, in the caress of silent love, Mother and Child understand each other. See the Mother at the Cross, pushing her way through the unsympathetic mob, to give and to get just that one

look of sympathy. "Jesus beholding His Mother." Once again their eyes meet:—and in that look Mother and Child understand each other. It is often so with us. In hundreds of cases there is nothing to be said, nothing to be done, only the mute appeal for sympathy to be met by the responding look of understanding. Such sympathy may be shown everywhere, just as the Cherubic figures are worked almost everywhere in the Tabernacle, on hangings, panels, doors, etc., and are never out of place.

But there are cases in which both speech and look fail. What then? The Cherubim also "look toward the Mercy-Seat." So may we. The saddest, blackest case in our experience (probably our own selves) may be taken to the Mercy-Seat; and if may be, then must be; God will understand. If we cannot speak to souls about God we can speak to God about souls. To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry.

And the Cry of the Cherubim "looking" is the Cry of the Seraphim "saying": "Holy, Holy, Holy." The silent presentment of the All Holy in a holy life may, after all, be the best way in which we can contribute our quota to God's Glory on earth.

III. Cherubim and Seraphim. Perfect Sympathy unites both Cries—the Cry of the Seraphim "saying," and the Cry of the Cherubim "looking"; and the

Ter Sanctus is the Cry of Each. Here again the Song of Sympathy is antiphonal. It is thought that Milton was right in describing the living creatures of Revelation iv. 6 as Cherubim and Seraphim. "And when those Living Creatures give glory, then the fourand-twenty Elders worship." There is a sympathy in worship as well as in work. Each order in Creation is excited by the other to uncrown their wills, and to cast them adoringly before the Throne. Thus united, one sound ascends from many voices-just as the whole Seraphic Choir is "the voice of him that cried"1 or, "as it was with the trumpeters and singers" in the Temple "as if they were one man to make one sound heard."2 Thus sympathy is symphony. So let it be in the Guild. Some in one way, some in another; all are needed. It is only when we sing the Song of Sympathy all together that there is the perfect harmony of true sympathy.

But there is of course a false sympathy. Satan, the fallen Seraph, has his mimic band of evil angels, terrible as a "legion" of Roman soldiers, bound in a sympathetic union for evil. "The wild beasts of the desert shall meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the Satyr (the ape) shall cry to his fellows." We all know the wrong sort of sympathy—such as, the yielding response to a cry for stimulants or drugs out of sheer pity for the sufferer, or

¹ Isa. vi. 4.

² 2 Chron. v. 13.

⁸ St. Mark v. 9. 4 Isa. xxxiv. 14.

oneself; the weakening "poor dear!" instead of the strengthening "be brave." True sympathy is strong: it strengthens both the giver and the receiver. Strength is an element included in each of the four Cherubic symbols; lion, ox, man, eagle.1 Again, true sympathy is austere. The Cherubim were objects of awe.2 Real sympathy has in it the element of "an austere severity." There is the wheeling sword of the Cherubim, as well as the sweet voices of the Seraphim. It was a sword of mercy which kept our first parents out of Eden, It was sympathy, true, strong, and tender, which kept them from going back through the Garden Gate to eat of the Tree in Eden, for it drave them forward to "enter in through the Gates into the City" of God, with the hard-won "right to the Tree of Life" which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

Perfect sympathy needs the insight ⁸ of the Cherubim ("the knowing ones") as well as the love of the Seraphim ("the fiery ones"). The Cherubim were "full of eyes within"; "All their shape spangled with eyes"; and so they see how and when to sympathise. Insight was their special gift. We, of all people and professions, need to be "full of eyes within." "God," says Dryden, "has in either eye placed a Cherubim"—has given us the power of observation. But, like all other gifts, it must be used. May we so use it that we may never help

¹ Ezek. i. 10.

² Gen. iii. 24; Ezek. x. 4, 5.

⁸ Rev. iv. 8.

to weaken and never fail to strengthen another in response to a cry for sympathy. If we have the wise insight of the Cherubim, we may fly, like the Seraphim, with a live coal to warm and cheer others. But our live coal must come from the Altar, the source of all love and fire.¹

Let the bright Seraphim; let the "Cohort bright of watchful Cherubim" 2 remind us then of the end we have in view as a Guild of Nurses. "The Guild of St. Barnabas is a Society of Nurses who, knowing their weakness as units, have joined hands to find in Christ the strength which shall turn their longing into a living fact."3 Units depend upon union: union depends upon units. It is only "with all Saints"4 that we can ever know the love which makes one Saint. As we cry one to another, as we meet each other in social gatherings, in Guild Meetings, in Retreat, may we tell each other by lip and by look, more and more of the Holy One Who sitteth between the Cherubims, and help each other more and more to make "the whole Earth full of His glory."

¹ Isa. vi. 6, 7.

² Paradise Lost, xi. 128.

³ Guild Manual, p. 6.

⁴ Eph. iii. 18, 19.

FIRST ADDRESS

THE VOICE OF JESUS

I T may help us, in our Advent Retreat, if we take as our day's plan three thoughts from a verse from Mr. Stone's poem of penitence, "Weary of earth":—

- (1) "It is the Voice of Jesus that I hear."
- (2) "His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near."
 - (3) "And His the Blood which can for all atone. . . "
- (1) The Voice of Jesus; (2) the Hands of Jesus; (3) the Blood of Jesus.

Let us meditate this morning on the Voice of Jesus.

The phonograph has come just nineteen centuries too late for its sublimest use—to reproduce the Voice, the real human Voice, of the Son of Mary, God and Man; to repeat the Voice which first spake the words of Consecration, which said the first "Our Father," which read Isaiah aloud, which led the hymn of the first Christian choir of men's voices on the first Maundy Thursday.

But there is a very real way in which we may

hear the Voice of Jesus now; for the Voice of Jesus is Vocation. Your vocation is the voice of God calling you, "assigning to you," as the Guild Manual Preface says, the office of a Nurse as your bit of the world's work. "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." It is a call to life, not to death. Mary had to live, not to die, after the Master called her; to live with Martha; to be tried and irritated by Martha's ways, just as Martha would be tried and irritated by her ways-just as any two sisters living together may really love, and yet irritate and try each other. As Jesus asked for Mary, so He has asked for you, He has said, I want you to be a nurse; I want you to spend yourself and your time in nursing; I want you to spend your money, or I want you to get your living, as a nurse. The call has come in two ways; perhaps unconsciously—as most calls do: (1) Inwardly. You were conscious of the nursing gift, -the "gift of desire" (the "gift of all gifts," as Faber calls it), and of the desire to use it. (2) Outwardly. Circumstances have made it either possible or necessary for you to leave home, with its duties and pleasures, its difficulties and joys, its lights and its shades, its helps and its hindrances; Circumstances have enabled or required you to nurse the sick-"those rude and sorrowful shrines of Christ's Own gracious Presence." Such is your vocation. It is the realisation of vocation which makes all the difference between a nurse who honestly tries to live out the Guild Rule, and one who simply takes up nursing as a fashion, or as a profession which is only "profession." It is most important for us to realise that we, as Guild Members, however faulty, have deliberately stepped outside mere professionalism, and have, as religious women and Church nurses said—I wish to bind myself by a simple rule of life to be true to the vocation of a Christian Nurse. So may you, and others like you, be the "little flock" which shall win back for the profession something of the ideal which it has so piteously lost during the last ten years.

The task is, I know, a hard one. How can you face it? Not by looking down upon others; only by looking up to Jesus; only in the power of vocation; only by listening to the Voice of Jesus. When St. Bonaventura was asked whence he got his wonderful power of speaking and working, he pointed to the Crucifix on the wall of his cell, and said, "That image dictates to me what I shall say and do." So runs the story of the "Talking Crucifix." Each nurse has her "Talking Crucifix"—the Voice of the Crucified, calling her to lead the life of the Crucified for the sake of the Crucified!—for she lovingly believes that "who visit the sick, visit Christ; who touch their wounds, touch His."

God speaks to us in as many ways as there are

¹ See Max Müller's Lectures on the Science of Language, vol. il. p. 608.

instruments in an orchestra. Take three ordinary ways:—

(1) The Church. (2) The Bible. (3) Conscience.

(1) The Church. The living Voice of the Church is the Voice of the Head of the Church, heard through the Church, His Body. And we are sometimes perplexed at being told that the Voice of the Church is dead and silent. Remember, a silent voice is not necessarily a dead voice. "All three hours His silence cried." After the utterance of each Word from the Cross, there came an interval of silence. When God saw that a new Word was needed, then came the next Word. He left intervals of silence, that the Faithful might assimilate the last Word, and so be prepared for the next. So with the Church. We are now living, as it were, in one of these intervals. God uttered all necessary truth through the Voice of the Undivided Church. Then, sin caused division, and there followed an interval of silent utterance. When the children of the Church live up to the level of the Church's last utterance, then may we look for a new utterance. Till then, "He will be silent in His love"; 1 and till then, "that which is new is not true, and that which is true is not new." And see! it is all "in His love." He loves us too well to overtax our capacity for listening, to put upon us unnecessarily the burden and responsibility of a new utterance, to expose us to the risk of the fresh blasphemy of a fresh denial. It is with the Church, as it was with the Bride—as it is with the soul in her dark days—"My Beloved had withdrawn Himself"; but only for one of love's surprises; only to make the heart grow fonder; only to stir into life and movement that buried love of the whole Church—the love of longing. When the interval of silence has fitted us for the next Word,

"Or, when that silence shall have grown Too tender for itself,"

then the Voice of the Beloved will be heard again speaking through the ever-living Voice of the reunited Church.

(2) The Bible. "To read thoughtfully a few verses every day." So runs the first Guild Rule; and I wish that that word "thoughtfully" could be printed in red ink. God has a revelation for every soul through Revealed Truth. In Scripture "Jesus speaks, and speaks to me." What is He saying to Nurses just now? "God is love." It is so hard to believe it. The evidences in Hospitals, in District Nursing, in the world, seem so crushingly against it. "It is very questionable," writes Dr. Sanday, "whether a philosopher sitting down to draw an absolutely dispassionate picture of the universe could say, reasoning from that alone, that the Author of all was Good." The world by mere worldly wisdom

¹ Song v. 6.

Dr. Sanday's Bampton Lectures on Inspiration, 3rd ed., p. 439.

knew not, and never can know God. If God had not revealed Himself as a God of Love, how infinitely more toilsome would the way of discovery have been! But the Church puts into my hand her inspired Guide Book. Revelation makes the thought possible. It says "God is Love"; but we must love before we can believe it.1 "There are," continues Dr. Sanday, "two lines of Wordsworth's 'Poet's Epitaph,' which often run in my mind and seem to me to describe a number of processes besides that to which they are applied. 'And you must love him,' it is said of the Poet—

"'And you must love him, ere to you, He will seem worthy of your love.'

How many things there are which must be loved first before they can be properly understood."

Again, as we read the Bible, we are struck with the way in which our present difficulties are assumed and foretold. Difficulties in believing justify rather than shake our faith in revelation. Take a life which is misunderstood, and often rendered miserable by all sorts of petty persecutions. What has the Bible, with its revelation of God as Love, to say to it? "So persecuted they the prophets which were before you"; 2 and, "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution." There is nothing strange about it, nothing unforetold, nothing outside Revelation. The followers of the Crucified must be

¹ I St. John iv. 7, 8. 2 St. Matt. v. 12. 3 2 Tim. iii. 12.

crucified. Each has her "talking Crucifix" dictating to intellect, heart, will; and each may say, "It is the Voice of Jesus that I hear." True, our "talking Crucifix" is often a veiled Crucifix, but God's great Easter will unveil it;—and it is only veiled that we may know something of the joy of discovery, as love unveils and makes plain the mysteries of life.

(3) Conscience. What is the derivation of the word? It comes from two Latin words, con, with, and scire, to know; "to know together with," let us say, God. Conscience is not, as we are often told, God; conscience is an instrument through which we may hear God; conscience, Milton tells us, is an umpire. "I will place my umpire, conscience, within them."1 Now an umpire may, and often does, give a wrong decision; an instrument may and often does get out of order. So with conscience! St. Paul's conscience gave him a wrong decision; the umpire made a mistake. "I verily thought"-and thought conscientiously-"that I ought to do many things contrary to the Name of Jesus of Nazareth, which things I also did." But it was also the instrument through which he heard the "Voice of Jesus" which converted him on the way to Damascus.

We know how easily our own consciences go to sleep, and get dead and lazy. We feel, as St. Cyril says, "like an anvil on which nothing can make an impression"; and then we—some of us—know

¹ Paradise Lost, iii. 195.

what it is to hear the Voice of Jesus speaking to us. Sometimes, He speaks roughly, thundering with His Voice, "scourging us to save us," as the same St. Cyril says; sometimes He appeals to us as the Beloved knocking at the heart, saying, "Open to Me, My Sister, My fair one," winning us to love Him rather than driving us to trust Him. Now, He shakes us with a rousing blow, as the earthquake shook the Philippian jailer; and now, He wakes us softly, as the sunshine wakes the sleeping babe, whispering low and sweet in the soul's ear:—

"Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet, From out the Hallelujahs sweet and low, Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so Who art not missed by any that entreat." 3

So may He speak; so may we respond. You will find a grand example of the responsive conscience in 2 Maccabees vii.—the story of a mother "marvellous and worthy of honourable memory," who exhorted her seven sons, one by one, to embrace torture and death itself for conscience sake. Read the story. God give us such consciences.

"It is the Voice of Jesus that I hear."

¹ Job xxxvii. 5.

² Song v. 2.

³ Comfort, by E. B. Browning.

^{4 2} Macc. vii. 20.

SECOND ADDRESS

"THE HANDS OF JESUS"

"His are the hands stretched out to draw me near."

We want to be "drawn near." It is for this very purpose that we have come into Retreat. "Nearer my God to Thee"—this is the hope with which we go back to our work: this is the test which answers so many difficult questions:—this amusement! this theatre! this society! this book! this man! this woman! this indulgence! this love! Is it a hand drawing me nearer to Christ, or does it lead me further away from Him?

Now, God has many ways of stretching out His Hands. Let us take three this afternoon.

I. The Incarnation. The Incarnation, or rather the Incarnate One, is the visible Hand of "God manifest in the flesh"—the self-revelation of God as the revealed "Arm of the Lord." "He stretched forth human hands, Who by His spiritual hands had made the heavens." So, too, the Redemption, or rather the Redeemer, is the "Hand of God stretched

¹ Isa. liii. 1. ² St. Cyril.

out" to draw redeemed souls into the everlasting Arms. Thus, the Hands of God are the hope of man. Read in those Sacred Hands the story of Incarnate Love. "His are the Hands"—the Baby Hands—stretched out to draw us near.

"Love down-stooping lays His head With His baby arms outspread Infant-wise in manger bed."

And lo! shepherds are drawn to the Lamb; astronomers are led to the Day-Star; children, in all ages, are drawn to the Christ-Child. "His are the Hands"-the working Hands-in the home life of the Holy Family; in the shop life at Nazareth; stretched out in benediction over all manual work, and blessing every home and every shop in every age. "His are the hands"—the helping Hands stretched out to "all them that are down"; changing life's Magdalens into Queens of Penance, writing over the gateway of every penitentiary and every penitent's heart, "Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near," "His are the Hands"—the helpless Hands-stretched out on cruel, yet most glorious Good-Friday; drawing sad souls from the Cross to the Crucified, "His are the Hands"—the Priestly Hands-stretched out on glad Ascension Day, in one unending Act of Blessing; infusing life and meaning into every Blessing pronounced by every Priest, in every Church, in every part of Catholic Christendom. And all this for me! "His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near."

II. The Sacraments. The Sacraments are the "Hands of God" stretched down to earth. Christ is the Head: the Church is the Body: the Sacraments are the hands of the Body. Thus in the Sacrament of Ordination, the visible Bishop is the visible Hand of the invisible Bishop-Christ, the Bishop of our souls, Christ, the Heavenly Bishop, does invisibly that which, in the laying on of hands, the earthly Bishop does visibly. In Baptism "it is Christ who is the principal Minister and really baptizes,"1 and "the ministers of the Church are the instruments."2 In Confirmation, or "The Laying on of Hands," the Bishop is the visible hand of the invisible Bishop-Christ. In the Eucharist, the Priest is but the visible Hand of Christ. Christ is the real, though invisible, Consecrator; so that the imperfection of the Priest does not affect the perfection of the Sacrament; or, as St. Thomas puts it, "The minister's iniquity cannot take away the Lord's liberality." Sacraments, then, are the "Hand of God stretched out to draw us near."

III. Vocation. We ourselves are called, in our different vocations, to be, as it were, the Hands of God; to be His agents in stretching out helping hands to others. It is essentially so with the Nurse's vocation. A Nurse is nothing less than the Hand of

¹ St. Thomas Aquinas. ² St. Cyril.

God stretched out to tend the sick; Te le pansay; Dieu le guarit, "I tended him; God healed him." "King Jesus" (writes St. Cyril), "when about to be our physician, having girded Himself with a napkin of human nature, ministered to what was sick"; and, as the Guild-Manual Preface reminds us, "God calls us to share the occupation which filled a large part of the days on earth of the Incarnate Son." It is in this sense that Nurses are the Hands or delegates of God. "A Christian Nurse is the delegate of Christ in her love and labour for the infirm and sick." As "by the hands of Moses and Aaron," He led His people safely through their troubles, so by the hands of Nurses He heals what they tend. And what a difference it makes to us 1 "concerning our work and the toil of our hands" if we do all as God's delegates, if we work from God as well as for God: how it does help and brighten us in the humdrum of life! For much of a Nurse's life is so humdrum-monotonous as the hum of the bee; dull as the one note of the drum of a village band. And yet, if we realise ourselves as the agents of God, as delegates of Christ. as "hands stretched out" to draw each other near, "humdrum" may become the real romance of life. like the bright and cheery hum of the bee in the sunny garden, like the inspiring music of the drum on the battlefield struck by the child-hand of some unknown drummer-boy, unconsciously drumming

the whole regiment on to victory. Humdrum leads to Heaven. The Bible is full of it. A large part of the Bible is taken up with recording what seems to us utterly humdrum, petty, and unnecessary. For instance: 1 "The priest shall put off his garments and put on other garments, and carry forth the ashes without the camp to a clean place." What a small matter for God to deal with. What a fuss about simply throwing away ashes! And yet is it? We who have been ill know that it makes just all the difference whether a nurse will take the trouble to throw away the ashes and put coals on the fire quietly, or whether she is noisy and "slap-dash"! Again,2 "Behold I have created the smith that bloweth on the coals." What a strange thing to record in so small a volume as the Bible-the creation of a smith! Yet God is as absolutely interested in the "smith that bloweth the coals," and took as much pains over his creation, and cares as much for his final perfection, as He cares about the highest intellect or the noblest born in the country. Never despise humdrum cases; never sneer at commonplace work or commonplace people.

"Is thy labour very lowly?
Brother see, at Nazareth He
Swept the floor for Mary.

[&]quot;Know'st thou what it is to labour, Toiling on till youth is gone? All His life He laboured.

¹ Lev. vi. 10, 11.

² Isa, liv. 16,

"Dost thou serve an earthly master And his will not thine fulfil? Jesus worked for Joseph."

And there is one special way in which we may all be "hands of God stretched out" to draw others near. We find it in the common expression, "To give a helping hand." Go back in thought to the story of Ezekiel. At the age of thirty, Ezekiel hears a voice rousing him out of himself, and inspiring him and his wife to devote their lives to the people. The people are captives, poor, miserable, too helpless to wish to be helped. Then there comes a day when Ezekiel, like many another Priest and many another worker, loses heart. He walks by the river bank 1 and flings himself down on his face, in mingled awe and despair at God's revealed majesty and seeming impotence.² Suddenly, God comes to His servant, as He comes to every worker, and says, Son of man, stand upright on thy feet,3 "Son of man, be a man, don't lie there despairing; stand upright." But this, as our own fits of depression teach us, is the very thing which Ezekiel cannot do. What happens? The Spirit—"help of the helpless"—enters into him, stands him on his feet,4 and bids him go back to his work with new heart and fresh hope. God gives him a helping hand in his realised helplessness. Yet once again Ezekiel gives way, and once again

¹ Ezek, i. I.

² Ezek, i. 28.

Bzek. ii. I.

⁴ Ezek, ii. L.

God stretches out a helping hand. Like a swimmer, he is just sinking, when a hand catches him "by a lock of his hair" before he goes under, and again God saves him from the disloyalty of despair;—and, for a purpose. Ezekiel is helped that he may help others. So are we. Every means of grace, every "helping" we get is to be passed on to others. We are helped that we may help. We are delegates of Christ, hands stretched out to draw others near;—near to the Ideal.

And Nurses must never forget that His Hands are Wounded Hands. It is the wounded hand which has the tenderest touch. We must have nerves to understand nerves; we must have been ill to understand illness. All Nurses ought to be ill sometimes! And what a brilliant light it throws on our own wounds and worries in life. We are wounded ourselves that we may better tend the wounded. Wounds are part of a Nurse's training. They need not be bodily wounds. There are heart-screws to which thumbscrews are but as nursery toys. You know what I mean. God help us to use our own wounds in life to deal gently with His wounded ones.

"His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near." Strange and thrilling closeness!

"Close to My heart, so close,
Ah, closer still, come, Jesus, come.
The heart that lives but to fulfil Thy will,
Make it Thy home."

¹ Ezek, viii, 3.

Strange and thrilling closeness! A closeness which even the "hand of death" does but draw "closer still" as it leads the Exiles of Earth into the Home of the Sacred Heart.

Once again, and unreservedly, yield yourselves up to be drawn nearer and nearer to Jesus.

THIRD ADDRESS

THE BLOOD OF JESUS

"And His the blood that can for all atone."-LEV. xvii. 11.

"And set me faultless there before the throne."-REV. xiv. 5.

FAULTLESS! Try and realise vividly one single fault, and then entire freedom from that fault. Take Guild Rule 10. "To be absolutely the same when the superior is absent as when she is present." If you think of your faults connected with some such rule, to say nothing of graver faults, and then of perfect faultlessness through "the Blood that can for all atone," you will see at least some meaning and happiness in these last two lines.

"And His the Blood." The Precious Blood. We are familiar with both the thought and the expression in Bible and Prayer Book. The Bible is a perfect Treasury of the Precious Blood. Leviticus is one long parable, foreshadowing the innocent Blood of the Lamb of God, which can alone interpret the Sacrificial slaughter of thousands of innocent lambs. The same thought haunts the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, who in one chapter (ix.) dwells on it no

less than four times in three verses, and six times in five verses. St. John, the Apostle of the Precious Blood, loves to linger on the thought in Gospel, Epistles, and Apocalypse:—"This is He that came by water and by blood; not," he adds lingeringly and lovingly, "by blood only, but by water and by blood." The world would be a poorer world without the Record of the Wounded Side. The Prayer Book catches up the thought, and in Te Deum, Ember Collect, Litany, Prayer of Humble Access, and Antiphon in "The Visitation of the Sick," we are lovingly reminded of "the Blood which can for all atone."

Let us meditate, then, this evening on the legacy of the Precious Blood. Rich men when they die leave legacies to their children. Jesus, Who had nothing to leave, left us everything, for He left us Himself. "What is the Precious Blood?" asked Livingstone; and he rightly answered, "It is Himself."

Now there are two aspects in which we may meditate on the Precious Blood, which is "Himself." There is the Godward aspect, and there is the manward aspect.

(1) The Godward Aspect. First, and above all, it is precious to God. We miss much beauty in thinking of it as only, or primarily, precious to man! The Early Church always began with God. "Let us look steadfastly at the Precious Blood," writes St. Clement, "and see how precious it is in the sight of God." And

why? For two reasons, found in two Bible names. It is (a) God's Blood—"His own Blood." Therefore, because it is His own Blood it is precious to God. Think of God the Father, eternally accepting the Precious Blood as infinitely worthy of Divine acceptance; of God the Son, eternally offering the Precious Blood as infinitely worthy of a Divine offering; of God the Holy Ghost, the Giver of Life, eternally vitalising the Precious Blood as infinitely worthy of Divine Life. Contemplate the "Blood that can for all atone" stored up in the Heavenly Treasury 2 as a source of endless joy, and, as such, precious to God. Next (b) it is precious to God, because it is Innocent Blood:-so innocent that its "awful purity" frightened the guilty Judas to death. "I have betrayed innocent blood." 3 Once again on this earth, and for the first time since Adam lost the gift of innocence, the Divine Scrutiny finds in Man—the man Christ Jesus— "nothing worthy of death." Once more the Divine Eye rests in joy on One of Whom a judge could say, "I find no fault in this Man"; "This Man hath done nothing amiss." Only innocent Blood could atone for guilt; and as the "blood of atonement," it is precious with the preciousness of innocence.

(2) The Manward aspect. It is precious to Man. And again for two reasons found in two Bible names. It is (a) Living Blood. The difference between "the

¹ See Acts xx. 38; Heb. ix. 12, and five times in the Epistles.

blood of bulls and goats," and the Blood of "the Slain Lamb," is the difference between life and death. The bulls and goats died and remained dead, and, as dead nothings, they could not "take away sin." The Lamb of God died and "behold He liveth for evermore," and could, did, and does, as a living propitiation, "take away the sin of the world." Therefore, because it is living Blood, and no dead memory of a dead past, it is precious to man.

And it is (b) the Cleansing Blood.2 The personal application of Christ's living and innocent Blood to man's dead and guilty soul "cleanses us from all sin." But this cleansing must be real The soul, conscious of its sin and its Saviour is satisfied with no fictitious cleansing. No soul can ever find rest in fiction. My soul can never be satisfied with an "imputed righteousness" which has no corresponding reality in itself. It is no use pretending to be clean, when I know all the time I am foul and dirty. God never imputes holiness to a soul living in wilful sin. I must be faultless before I am accounted faultless. God makes me clean before he deems me clean. And if, in Love's language, and impatient for my faultlessness, He calls me "comely" when as yet I am "black"; if He sees "the fields already white unto harvest," when as yet there are four months unto the harvest-it is because He sees me "already" that which I shall be when

¹ Rev. i. 18. ² I John i. 7. ³ Song of Sol. i. 5.

my four long months of earthly training and growth are over. Cleansed by the Precious Blood, whitened souls grow whiter and whiter, and "shine more and more unto the Perfect Day." Therefore is the Atoning Blood precious to man.

We have thought of the Bible and Prayer Book names for the Precious Blood. There is also the definition (apparently the only one) of the Early Church: "The Precious Blood is Love." "His Blood I seek which is Love incorruptible" cries St. Ignatius. For what is love but self-sacrifice—the gradual self-expenditure of life-blood on others? Perfect love hungers after perfect self-sacrifice. Perfect love-"Love incorruptible"-was the moving cause of the Atoning Sacrifice. Love unveils all the mysteries of Sacrifice. And notice this: The Love-Sacrifice of Christ was not merely one supreme and isolated act, which it were vain for us to try and imitate; it was a long series of connected acts of love and self-sacrifice which "Love incorruptible" inspires and enables us to copy. And think of the helps designed for us by "Love incorruptible." There is the Chalice-the Communion of the Blood of Christ. What trouble can be too great for the right reception of the Cup of Salvation, the Chalice of the Precious Blood? Think of the heights and depths of love and sacrifice enshrined in the Chalice. The history of Blood is the history of Love. "The drink of God which I desire is incorruptible love,"

said St. Ignatius; and we echo the words as we drink of that Cup which is the "Communion of the Blood of Christ." Love the Chalice. God kept it for us at the Reformation when our less happy Roman sister lost it. Love it with the love which you drink from it. Love it with the love which takes trouble to receive it. Love takes trouble, and in the trouble of preparation we taste the sweetness of Sacrifice. It is just the same with our work as in our devotions. To take trouble with ourselves; to take trouble with others; to take trouble over trifles; these are for us practical forms of daily Sacrifice, and are accepted in union with the Precious Blood, which is Love.

And now we must stop and go back to our work. But we go back with this inspiring thought: that the Precious Blood can atone for past mistakes, present sins, and future failures. Others have failed and then have succeeded; and so may we. "They overcame by the Blood of the Lamb"; and so may we. Go back with a purpose—resolved to overcome that temper which is spoiling your life and making things harder for others; to overcome that brusque or affected manner which makes you and your religion so hideously misunderstood; to overcome that gloom or frivolity, that wretched unreality, that miserable littleness, that petty jealousy, that small-minded love of gossip, that non-use or misuse of means of grace, that loveless, prayerless life which blights our best

efforts, that fault (whatever it is) which needs the Atoning Blood, as we wend our way towards the Great White Throne.

His the Voice which calls; His the Hands which draw; and—happiest thought of all!—

"His the Blood that can for all atone
And set me faultless there before the Throne."

OREMUS

(LET US PRAY)

REMUS (Let us pray). What music there is in the word! We have heard it in some foreign Church, bidding us take our share in the Divine Liturgy, and it has lingered with us long after the Priest's voice has passed away down the aisles. Perhaps we have missed something of its beauty in the more familiar "Let us pray" of our English services. And yet, in whatever language and service it comes, Oremus has its own music and meaning for the listening ear.

"Then shall the Minister"—or the Priest or the Bishop—"say, Let us pray." Why? For three reasons:—

I. To remind "the people" of their share and obligations in the Service. It is sometimes said that in our Church services, the people have nothing to do. The people have plenty to do, if they will only do it. Church prayers are the prayers of the Church; and "the Church" is not "the clergy." Priest and people, clergy and laity, minister and congregation;

these, in union with their Divine Head, are the Church. The priest is not alone responsible for "taking the duty." He shares the duty with "the people," The Priest speaks on behalf of, not instead of, the people; he is their leader, not their substitute; he acts together with them, not apart from them. So, he always speaks in the first person plural; using, as it were, the "royal we"; and it is the "royal we" of the Priesthood, including, not excluding, the priesthood of the people.1 Thus every congregation is in a sense the Church in miniature. Priest and people together offer one prayer. "Then shall the Priest say, Let us pray"; and "the people shall answer Amen." The priest's Oremus leads to the people's Amen; the people's Amen completes the priest's Oremus.

II. To arrest the attention. "Let us pray" is meant to rouse our attention, and recall our wandering thoughts. We get so sleepy. Even the chosen three in the Garden needed the priest's *Oremus*; "Why sleep ye?—rise and pray. Could ye not watch with Me one hour?" We need rousing. So "Let us pray" comes to us as the military "Attention." It is the word of command given by the Church's officer to the Church's soldiers, bidding them no longer, in heart and mind, "Stand at ease," rousing them to greater alertness and sharper briskness in praying, dispelling the rebel fancies and

"unmannerly distractions" which "force their thoughts from God." In the Eastern Church, and in some of the Western Liturgies, the Deacon says the Oremus, and the Priest says the prayer;—the very change of voice, no doubt, helping the people to recall their thoughts and refix their attention. And in our own services there is the same underlying thought. "Let us pray" comes just when we want it. It comes, for instance, in the middle of Matins and Evensong, when the first effort of fixing the attention is, perhaps, relaxing. It comes before a long prayer such as the "Prayer for the whole state of Christ's Church militant here on earth." It comes after a long series of prayers, as in the Litany. It comes when habits and surroundings are most likely to blind us to the very purpose of our presence in Church, as in the Marriage Service; - "Then the man, leaving the ring on the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, they both shall kneel down, the minister saying, Let us pray";—let us pray for the bride and bridegroom; "send Thy blessing upon this man and this woman," and keep them true to their marriage vows. So "Let us pray," lest through our fault "our prayer be turned into sin."

III. To bid us pray more earnestly. "Let us pray" is the Prayer Book echo of the Bible "more earnestly." In each *Oremus* the Church repeats the "more earnestly" of her Head. There may be an

¹ St. Luke xxii. 44.

element of agony in prayer itself. Prayer is not meant to come easily all our lives.

"Prayer was not meant for luxury
Or selfish pastime sweet:
It is the prostrate creature's place
At his Creator's Feet."

Sin may make prayer an agony. Weariness may make it a struggle. When St. Paul asks for his people's prayer he says, "Strive together with me in your prayers." True, there are moments when we can "pour out our hearts in prayer"; when we can fold our hands, and feel that

"The feeble hands and helpless, reaching blindly through the darkness,

Touch God's Right Hand in that darkness

And are lifted up and strengthened":

but there are days, and weeks, when we can do nothing of the kind, when we can say with Coleridge—

"I looked to Heaven and tried to pray— Or ever a prayer had gush'd, A wicked whisper came which made My heart as dry as dust":

when we feel, as Faber felt, "Ah! dearest Lord, I cannot pray." But to feel unable to pray is no reason for giving up praying. Feelings are indications rather than facts, and such feelings may indicate that we are praying too much as units and

too little as members of the Church. Oremus. "Let us pray." Even private prayer becomes easier when we pray consciously as individual members of the whole Body of Christ. The loneliness of a solitary prayer might well depress us, but the consciousness that our prayers are rising up along with a great company which no man can number, does indeed lift up our hearts in a sympathy of utterance. Each worshipper is as a single grain of incense; and it is the smoke of the full censer which is the symbol of accepted prayer. "Let us pray," then, "more earnestly." What might not one Eucharist offered "worthily, attentively, devoutly" win for the Church and world! If one congregation on one Sunday said one Office wholly in earnest, and wholly attentively, what a wealth of grace would enrich our souls!

And it is not only in Church Liturgies that we hear *Oremus* sung, or said. Trained ears hear its music everywhere. *Oremus*;—"let us pray," ring the Church bells, calling the faithful to worship and the faithless to penitence. *Oremus* rings the Passing bell, as it tolls "let us pray" for the dead in Christ; may they rest in peace. *Oremus* rings the Sanctus bell, stealing a thought from busy people in a busy world, and filling the sick and dying with a quiet rapture and repose, as it tells that the supreme moment in the supreme Service has come. *Oremus* rings the Angelus from some Religious House, lifting

our thoughts in rapid flight from Gabriel to Mary, from Mary to Christ. *Oremus* cries the night as the Compline bell rings "let us pray" for "a quiet night and a perfect end"; and *Oremus* sings the dawn, waking us to the new-born duties and beauties of a new-born day. *Oremus* sighs depression, and we pray that loved ones may not enter into our own dark days:—

"For love must pray in its own dark day
That light may shine on its loved alway":

and *Oremus* chants joy, as we long to share with others our sunlit hours and our own bright days:—

"For love must pray in its own bright day, With a restless longing which none can stay, For the names which are in its heart alway."

Oremus cries experience; you must pray, if you would make life worth living. Oremus whispers anxiety; I am sent to make you pray. Oremus cries drudgery; to labour is to pray—not to take the place of prayer. Oremus echoes pain,

"And pain and weakness make Him nearer and dearer seem, Till life becomes a story of which He is the theme."

Oremus; "Let us pray." A prayerless priest, a prayerless nurse, a prayerless people! they are sheer waste in God's world. Life is a Liturgy. Oremus; "Let us pray."

HEALTH, OR ST. JOHN'S WISH

Let us meditate on bodily health—that great gift which the Beloved Disciple wished for his well-beloved Gaius. "Beloved, I wish in all respects that thou mayest prosper, and be in health."

It is an old man's wish for a young man. He himself has lost that sense of exuberance and thrill which the mere call to physical exertion had once stirred and kindled. He can no longer launch the fishingboat and drag the fishing-nets, as he once had done with Peter. Patmos, with its cruel mines and awful revelations, has aged him; the responsibilities of office have left their traces on his keen, calm face; the loss of home-of that home which the Blessed Mother had made second only to the Home of the Holy Family-has made him long intensely for the Home which never breaks up. He is an old man now-nearly one hundred; and he realises what the old find it so hard to understand, that younger men must come to the front, and take their places. The disciple who "did outrun Peter" must in turn by Peter be outrun. It is always so. And now St. John wishes for Gaius that which he himself is gradually giving back to God who gave it—the great gift of health.

Health is a Vocation. Sickness is such a beautiful vocation that we sometimes overlook God's delight in health. We connect the spiritual life so intimately with ill-health, that we often miss the spiritual splendours which may and do co-exist with bodily vigour. We dwell so much and so rightly on the suffering life of our Lord, that we forget Him as the Ideal Babe in the Madonna's arms, glowing with perfect health, and gladdening the Mother's heart with His bodily perfections, as well as piercing that heart by His physical sufferings. Suffering humanity loves to dwell on a suffering Saviour. But may we not also think of Him as the Ideal Child, playing at Nazareth with all the buoyancy of perfect childhood? as the Ideal "Young Man rejoicing in His (perfect) youth" in the carpenter's shop; fashioning, as well as bearing, the yoke; sawing the wood as well as hanging on the Tree; "a giant refreshed with wine," as well as a weary traveller at the well? The Incarnation was a manifestation of God to man-of God as "the God of our health" no less than as the God of the agony. It was the manifestation of man to God-of man as God meant man to be, a delight to the Father as He gazes once again on the vision of perfect health which the first Adam lost. The Christ must, it is true, "be made perfect through

HEALTH, OR ST. JOHN'S WISH 177

suffering"; but it is equally true that He was perfect before He suffered.

And you who have so much to do with sickness, and who have so many calls to brighten and cheer others' lives, should meditate frequently on God, as "God, the God of our health." The Bible is full of the thought. Read, for one instance, the delight with which bodily health and movement is spoken of in the Song of Songs. Listen to the Chorus as it sings to the Bride, "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O Prince's daughter," 1 charming us with thy graceful motions and bodily perfections in the dance of Mahanaim! Listen to the Bride's rapturous answer when they ask her "What is thy Beloved more than another's beloved, O thou fairest among women?" "What is my beloved?" she seems to say; "my Beloved is white and ruddy,2 glowing with the healthful, ruddy look of one whose soul is white and sinless; yea," she adds, "he is altogether (head, cheeks, hands, body) lovely," as he comes "leaping and skipping on the mountains" with the perfect agility of perfect health.

We, perhaps, know too well the danger of robust health to make St. John's wish quite a safe one for ourselves; but we need not rush off into the opposite extreme, and think it necessary to be sickly in order to be saintly. Ill-health, as nurses know so well, doesn't make a bad man good, nor does good health

¹ Song vii. 1.

make a good man bad. Our perfection need not necessarily be attained through physical suffering. Some of us may remember Dr. O. W. Holmes' delightful picture of two boys in Elsie Venner; -- one a delicate, white-faced child, docile and conscientious to a fault; the other full of life and spirits—a delicious description of a strong healthy child with a mischief-loving face and merry twinkle, at once the plague and music of the house. The delicate child has its meaning and work in life. Such children make us think. They teach us that brute strength is in itself nothing; they force upon our unwilling attention the awful fact of inherited tendencies; they enable the strong to win their spurs of spiritual knighthood by tender and protective gentleness; some of them develop into Saints of whom the world is not worthy. And so may healthy children. The boy who "feels his life in every limb" may, and probably does, run greater risks; but surely he is as much an object of God's love as the unhealthy child. "I do verily believe," comments the Doctor on his own picture, "that He who took children in His arms and blessed them, loved the healthiest and most playful of them as well as those (we will forgive his playful satire) who were richest in tuberculous virtues." Of course God "has no pleasure" in the mere animal "strength of an horse, neither delighteth He in any man's legs" as mere walking machines. The cavalry steed or the foot-soldier do not please Him, apart

from their purpose in life; but neither do maimed and ill-fed beasts, or fever-stricken troops, emaciated horses or crippled limbs. "He healed all manner of diseases" just because He loved to see men healthy. He looses the poor bent woman from her infirmity, and loves to see her straight and upright He brings a message from His Father to a prodigal world that He longs to receive it back at the second Advent "safe and sound." It is in this work that He associates Nurses with Himself. Nurses are associated in the mission of Jesus to restore health to a sick world. When our Lord ascended He left "to every man his work," and to you He left the work of getting men's bodies ready for His return—that "when the Son of Man cometh" He may find a world less of a pesthouse, less spoilt and marked by disease. You are associated with the Divine Healer in preparing the world for the second Advent.

Take three simple thoughts for this meditation.

I. Religion is for the healthy as well as for the sickly. "Dearly beloved, know this"-runs the exhortation in the office for the Visitation of the Sick—"that Almighty God is Lord of life and death, and of all things pertaining, as youth, strength, health (as well as of) age, weakness, and sickness." If the "Consolations of religion" refresh faint souls in frail bodies as they travel "from pain to pain and woe to woe" along the Calvary of suffering, the claims of the "strong Son of God, Immortal

Love," appeal with equal weight and fascination to the heart and will which hear God's Voice through the well-tuned instrument of a healthy body. Is not the experience of the Priest that of the Nurse? It is so hard to persuade strong men and women that God wants their youth and health as well as their age and weakness. It is so difficult to convince a man that religion is as necessary for the lithesome athlete whose very spring and movement prefigures the agility of the Resurrection Body, as for the consumptive girl whose business it is, he allows, "to be religious." You have to put this right. How can you help? Present the Man Christ Jesus in your lives as the one Hero really worthy being proud of-as General Gordon did. Don't get into a sickly, sentimental religious state. Don't make your souls effeminate by the use of prayers and expressions which, however real to some, are unreal to you. Let your books of devotion and your devotional reading be healthy in their tone. So with your general reading. "Is it healthy for me-spiritually, morally, mentally?" This should be the test of a book's worth to the reader. Think of light literature, novels, etc. Treat them as you would treat any other kind of recreation—a holiday, for instance. You don't take a holiday in a slum. Then don't choose the slum of literature as a mental health resort. Especially be careful about Sunday reading. We might aim at more Bible study on Sundays. Read the Bible itself,

as well as books about the Bible. Read wholesome books (such as Cutts' Early Christian Art) in preference to light novels on Sundays. So shall you cultivate a healthy tone which will remind those in health that religion is for the strong as well as for the weak.

- 2. Health is a fortune to be spent on the Healthgiver. It is one of the crown jewels of life. God has a right to it. He may call for it at any moment-all at once, or gradually. We are all called upon to lay down our lives for God; and we must see that we have lives worthy of being laid down. We have no right to fritter away our health by carelessness or negligence or bravado, and then offer God a self-maimed life. Ah! what would not some of us now give for the health we so madly flung away? "So foolish was I and ignorant!"1 is the cry of many a health spendthrift who has squandered his fortune in thoughtless extravagance. "I was foolish, indeed; I didn't realise what I was doing. I was 'even as a beast,' with no thought of the future. Oh! for the health of past days!" Economy in health is as much a virtue as pampering is a vice. The day comes when we want our health as well as our money to spend for God. One day we shall hear: "Give an account of thy stewardship," and it will be of the fortune of health.
- 3. "When in health prepare for death." "Men should often be put in remembrance to take order for the settlement of their spiritual as of their temporal

¹ Ps. lxxiii. 22.

estates whilst they are in health." A debilitated body often means a disordered mind; and a sick mind frequently can take no true account of the soul. As wills made on death-beds are more frequently contested than other wills, so death-bed repentances are more risky than other repentances. It is always safe to repent on a death-bed, but it is never safe to trust in a death-bed repentance. The Prayer Book suggests two kinds of preparation: (a) Spiritual, (b) Temporal.

(a) Spiritual.—"Then shall the sick man be moved to make a special confession of his sins." There are two kinds of confession spoken of in the Prayer Book. There is a "General Confession" of sins, and there is a "Special Confession" of sins.¹

It is the latter kind which the Rubric urges in preparation for death. And if it urges that our temporal estate should be set in order "whilst we are in health," how much more should we set our spiritual estate in order before the mind becomes too weak even to remember what our sins are. Here are three words which have helped some to understand the Church's teaching on what the Prayer Book calls "Special Confession":—never, always, sometimes. Confession is never compulsory: it is God's legacy of love to us, and we may accept it or not as we choose. Confession is always lawful if we are truly penitent and desire it for our peace. Confession is sometimes a duty, as, for instance, when a man cannot quiet his own conscience.

¹ Rubric, Visitation of the Sick.

(b) Temporal.—The Rubric says, in effect, "Make your will." It does not presuppose that we have a fortune to leave. We may have perhaps only a few trifles to will away; but it may give pleasure to others to know that they were remembered when we are in Paradise. My books, my pictures, my desk; what trifles, you say! Well! the picture of one who is dead is of no great value to a pawnbroker, but it is kept in the drawer where a man keeps the treasures which cannot be bought for gold. We need not be worth much money in order to make our wills. The mere fact, too, of noting and tabulating our possessions reminds us of our latter end, and is a protest against the unhealthy morbidity which regards the one certain thing in life as too uncertain to be seriously prepared for. We might spend our quiet time to-day in a worse way than in "making our wills,"

And so we see that St. John's wish to Gaius has its roots in the will of God, as truly as His record that "sickness is for the glory of God." The Book of Health has its Calendar of Saints as well as the Book of Martyrs.

I do not know that we can end our meditation better than by my echoing the wish of St. John to those to whom I owe so much, and saying—in so far as God sees you can bear it, and will use it rightly—"Beloved, I wish in all things that thou mayest be in health."

¹ St. John xi. 4.

THINGS SACRED AND SECULAR

"In that day there shall be upon the bells of the horses HOLINESS TO THE LORD, and the pots in the Lord's House shall be like unto the bowls before the Altar; yea, every pot in Jerusalem or Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord."—ZEC. xiv. 20.

I N a certain London Surgical Home two rooms are set apart for special service. On the ground floor there is an oratory with its altar and ornaments, and immediately above is a small "theatre" with its operation table and instruments.

Each room is in its own sense an oratory, a praying-room as well for the body as for the soul. Each table is "the Lord's Table"—"God's Board." The one tells of the Body and Blood of the Sinless Sufferer; the other of the body and blood of the suffering sinner. Thus each bears the old legend: "He hath torn and He will heal; He hath smitten and He will bind up." He, the Christ, has linked together once and for all the Upper Chamber and the Cross, the oratory and the theatre. Ever since Jesus went forth from that Upper Room to tread the way of the Cross, Christians have seen Christ in pain as well as in Prayer. The Crucifixion—or rather the Crucified—transforms everything. The Precious 'Hos. vi. I.

Blood of Jesus is the transfiguration of the horrible; over each sick bed "the Cross shines forth in mystic glow"; His wounded Side gives a meaning to each cut and wound in our poor fragile bodies; His wounded Feet have marked a way for us through that strange passage of unconsciousness to restored life and intelligence.

So, in a sense, the theatre and its contents are holy as the oratory is holy. "In that day," says the prophet, "the bells of the horses shall be holy"—holy as the Church bells are holy—"and the pots in the Lord's House shall be like the bowls before the Altar." And "that day" has come. There are degrees in the holiness of things and persons and places ("the Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob"1); but in its own degree "every pot," from the sacred vessels of the Temple down to the household cooking-pots, is to be labelled "holiness to the Lord."

If it were not so, how much of our daily life would seem wasted and beneath our vocation. How much of a nurse's day, for instance, is spent in doing "housemaid's work," emptying the slops, dusting the room, tidying-up. And the thought naturally comes, surely a hard and perhaps expensive three years' training is wasted in such commonplace menial occupation. Well! the Son of God spent thirty years at Nazareth training for His future work, and one of the very few things recorded of Him after

His resurrection is that He, very God and very man, "lit a fire of coals" and "cooked fish thereon"-prepared a meal for seven tired fishermen, and called them to break their night's fast, in the familiar words, "come and dine." What! thirty years' training, followed by grand miracles, the tragedy of Gethsemane, the descent into Hades, the resurrection from the dead-and then to waste those precious moments before the Ascension and Pentecost in cooking food! What waste of time! How derogatory to His dignity! To the Master, a "servant's form" involved a servant's work; and if the servant's work was "the Father's business" it was enough. "All works are the same" when the same divine motive-love-pervades them all. We may well believe that when St. Joseph prepared the stable, as best he could, for the Mother and Child, love raised that menial work to the height of acceptance with God. Can any work rise higher?

And so to the Prophet's gaze, "Holiness to the Lord" is inscribed not only on the high priest's forehead, but on everything;—on the jangling "bells of the horses" and on the lives and work of those who ride or tend them; on "every pot in Jerusalem and Judah"—on the dishes and cups in the house, as well as on the Paten and Chalice in the Sanctuary. And, it is just because we separate unduly the spiritual and the natural, the sacred and the secular, the

¹ St. John xxi. 9, 12.

"House of the Lord" and our own house, that we miss so much brightness and success in the daily life. Why are we such blunderers? Why do we fall so miserably? We thought we were going to do so much and we do so little; we meant our work to be so good and lasting, and it is fleeting and blown away like the worthless dust. Why is it? "Thus saith the Lord: Ye looked for much, and lo it came to little; and when ye brought it home I did blow it away. Why? saith the Lord of hosts. Because of Mine house that lieth waste, while ye run every man to his own house":1 or, to put it practically for ourselves, we forget our prayers in the rush of the housework, or we forget our work in hurrying off to prayers, and so our work sinks to the level of insignificance.

The oratory and the theatre, the daily prayers and the patients' room, are not to be independent of each other. As in Chopin's Funeral March there is a divine melody which forms its episode, and comes like light in a dark place, so in the *Oremus* from the prayer-room (whether oratory, bedroom or hall) comes a brightness which, like the sun, cometh forth from its chamber and runs its resistless course through the house, warming the cold, cheering the gloomy, shaming the sulky, softening the hard, permeating everything and everybody, until "there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." ²

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION

N URSES often have a genuine difficulty in getting to their Communions. An unsettled life, uncertainty about times off, inconvenient hours of service, distance from a Church, and a hundred and one reasons make Communion, at times, impossible.

Now, the Church has made a certain provision for her sick children who are lawfully hindered from Sacramental Communion—a provision which may be equally helpful for those who nurse the sick, and for others. In the 3rd Rubric at the end of the office for Visitation of the Sick the Church of England embodies the old teaching of the Catholic Church, and assures her children that (1) in certain external circumstances and (2) under certain spiritual conditions, they may "eat and drink of the Body and Blood of our Saviour profitably to their souls', health although they do not receive the Sacrament with their mouths." This rubric, taken from the Sarum Manual, indicates the Church's teaching on the subject of spiritual Communion. "Brother," the old rubric runs, "in this case (i.e. if Sacramental

Communion cannot be had) true faith and good will suffice; only believe, and thou hast eaten." And St. Augustine writes: "Believe that thou hast eaten and thou hast eaten"; and again, "To believe on Him, this is to eat the Living Bread. He that believeth eateth."

Now this thought of mystical eating and drinking is a very common one. We are familiar with it in Scripture: e.g. "Thy Words were found, and I did eat them"; "Men say their hearts are eaten out"; "I have meat to eat ye know not of"; "And I took the little book and ate it up." We speak of feeding on, or nourishing, a grievance; of food for thought; of thirsting for knowledge; of drinking in every word spoken. We see, then, that the idea of eating and drinking is not necessarily confined to the reception of actual food, but may be accurately used in another sense. It is in a spiritual sense that the rubric speaks of eating and drinking in "Spiritual Communion."

- (1) What, then, is a Spiritual Communion?
- (2) When may we substitute it for Sacramental Communion?
 - (3) Under what conditions may it be made?
- (1) First, What is a Spiritual Communion? A Spiritual Communion is union with Christ by a formal Act of Desire. It is hunger and thirst after that which we

¹ Jer. xv. 16.

² Baruch vi. 20.

⁸ St. John iv. 32.

⁴ Rev. x. 10.

cannot receive through ordained Sacramental channels. It is "an ardent desire to press Him to come and take full possession of our souls." It is that pouring-out of the soul's desires which the Psalmist, when unable to go to the Sanctuary, tells of in his wonderful colloquy-psalm (xlii.) It is the soul's expressed longing for refreshment, as the hart desires the waterbrooks, when hindered from drinking Sacramentally from the Divine Waterbrooks which spring from the Chalice. And so we sometimes pray in Spiritual Communion, "Since I cannot now receive Thee Sacramentally, I most earnestly desire to receive Thee Spiritually"; or again, "I am unworthy to partake Sacramentally of Thy Body and Blood, grant me to partake of Thy Spirit and Thy Virtues through the desire I have of receiving Thee in the most Holy Sacrament." Thus, in the deepest sense of the words, God accepts the will for the deed, and grants us our heart's desire, by feeding us spiritually and without Sacramental media. In Spiritual Communion, we gather up, offer, and present all our desires, wishes, ideals, and unite them with the one desire of feeding on Him Whose Meat was to do the will of His Father.2 Here, too, we may surrender and consecrate all life's ungratified desires; for Spiritual Communion is a longing to receive Him Whom we cannot receive Sacramentally; 3 and thus

¹ Dr. Pusey's Private Prayers.

² St. John iv. 34. ² Cant. iii. 1, 2.

it seems to consecrate all legitimate but unrealised ideals, all holy but ungratified desires. No wonder that spiritual writers have loved to find words of beauty for this great Act of Desire. "Spiritual Communion is a certain sighing after Jesus." "A Spiritual Communion may be made at any hour we please, and thus, by sighing after Jesus." Here, surely, God hears the yearning sighs of those who long for, but cannot receive Sacramental Communion, whose health or work lawfully hinder them from Communicating, or who die without receiving the Blessed Sacrament. St. Augustine very beautifully calls Spiritual Communion the "Sacrament of Aspiration." "Here (in the Lord's Prayer) we daily make an Act of Spiritual Communion by aspiring after the Bread of Life." All the best aspirations of our best moments are here merged in the supreme aspiration of "reaching Him Who exceeds our grasp."

(2) Next, When may we fruitfully substitute a Spiritual for a Sacramental Communion? The Church, in this rubric, suggests four among other occasions; (1) In "extremity of sickness," with its accompanying disabilities; (2) When no priest can be had; (3) When "for lack of company to receive with" the sick person, the known and obvious dangers connected with solitary Masses would be incurred; (4) For any other just impediment. But in this last clause the Church safeguards her ordinary means of grace by limiting her extraordinary means, and reminds us

that we may not dispense ourselves from Sacramental Communion merely to suit our own purpose, It must not be "to our own devotion and comfort that we have regard";1 but the impediment must be just. For example, laziness in rising is no "just impediment," though the duty of obeying an order not to get up may be; impenitence is no just impediment, for we ought to be penitent; but penitence may sometimes rightly suggest a less frequent reception; and if a person do sometimes "abstain out of humility, or by reason of some lawful cause preventing him, he is to be commended for his reverence." Nursing in a house where no one believes in the Blessed Sacrament is no just impediment, though having to neglect a patient would be and selfishly upsetting household arrangements might be. In a word, we are not to substitute Spiritual for Sacramental Communion just for our own convenience, and to save ourselves trouble.

- (3) Lastly, under what conditions may we make a Spiritual Communion? The rubric assumes that there will be, when time, definite preparation, and mentions four requisites.
- (1) Penitence ("If he do truly repent"). "Jesus will not unite Himself with an impenitent soul." And so St. Hilary, "By a profound humility we must acknowledge our unworthiness to receive Him Sacramentally." Obviously, impenitence for known

¹ Imitation of Christ, bk. iv. chap. x.

sins, or want of penitence for unknown sins, blinds our spiritual insight and outlook, and severs us from all conscious Communion with the Royal Penitent.

- (2) Faith ("and steadfastly believe"). "For this is to eat the Living Bread, to believe in Christ, that is to say, with love to stick to Him." We must, the rubric says, believe in (a) the Vicarious Sacrifice of Christ—"that Jesus Christ hath suffered death upon the Cross for us," and (b) in the efficacy of the Precious Blood—"that He shed His Blood for our redemption."
- (3) Recollection ("earnestly remembering the benefits he hath thereby"). By an act of memory we gather up the past, and realise all the benefits which Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, Easter and Ascension Day, won for us. We recall the Upper Chamber, and the Wounded Side from which the Sacraments flow. As St. Augustine puts it, "We print in our memory sweetly, that His Flesh was crucified and wounded for us." And so, Spiritual Communion hallows our own past memories, keeps us from depression when the memory of past "sin and mischief" haunts us, and teaches us how and when to consecrate our memory and imagination as well as our intellect and will.
- (4) Thanksgiving ("giving Him hearty thanks"). Thanksgiving is an essential for the fruitful reception and retention of any grace. Gratitude for our last

Communion is perhaps the best means of preparing for our next. So Spiritual Communion seems to link our Sacramental Communions together, however long the enforced interval may be, and keeps alive the flame of love lit by the Divine Touch in actual reception.

We see, then, that the Prayer Book so takes it for granted that we shall practise Spiritual Communion, that the rubric seems rather to limit the occasions than to urge upon us the habit. Spiritual Communion will be a real power and joy in our lives if made regularly and with due preparation. We shall find a Form of Service upon which we can base our devotion in almost any Manual of Devotions. Or we can frame a short service for ourselves. We may place ourselves "in union with the faithful at every Altar" where the Blessed Sacrament is being offered, and after Acts of Penitence, Faith, Recollection, and Thanksgiving, make a hearty Act of Desire to partake of Christ spiritually. Faber tell us that "the lack of desire is the ill of all ills"; that "souls once almost saints" have failed and fallen "through want of desire"; that "of all loyalties," none "honours God like the thirst of desire." In Spiritual Communion we inflame this desire for God, and win for ourselves the name by which of old "God called men He loved most-Men of Desire."

THE BURNING HEART

"Did not our heart burn within us while He talked by the way?"
ST. LUKE xxiv. 32.

THE Story of the Burning Heart! The discovery of a lost enthusiasm! A strange, mysterious, story! stranger far than the story of the Burning Bush ;—for a heart which burns, and burns not down, is a stranger miracle than a bush which burns and burns not out. And yet, thank God! the story is common enough. It is the story of two sad hearts and two glad hearts: two sad hearts, living in the dreamland of a dear dead past; two glad hearts glowing with the enthusiasm of a dearer living present. And what has changed these two hearts? What has lifted the song of their life from the darkness of a De profundis into the sunshine of a bright Magnificat? Simply this: they have met Jesus: Jesus has spoken to them—spoken to their hearts; and their hearts have caught the glow from the Sacred Heart, and are burning with the fire of a communicated enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm! What is it? The word comes from two Greek words (en-theos) which mean "God in"

us. All real en-thusiasm is God speaking and acting in and through us. For instance! The enthusiasm of the Children's-Nurse! It is God in her, inspiring her with burning love for the little ones so often suffering from another's sin; filling her with "burning indignation" at the sin which has caused another's suffering. The enthusiasm of Patriotism-of the Patriot-Nurse! It is God in her, inspiring her with love of country; compelling her to nurse in her country's wars; impelling her to rescue, tend, restore, improve, the physical powers of her countrymen, making them strong to defend their fatherland. The enthusiasm of the Missionary-Nurse! It is God in her, inspiring her with a burning love for souls; telling her that souls may be won as well as lost through the instrument of the body. All genuine enthusiasm is "God in us." As Emmanuel is "God with us," so Enthusiasm is "God in us."

Think to-night of three objects on which you may expend the gift of enthusiasm: your Church; your Nursing; your Guild.

(1) The Church. By the constitutions of the Guild, it is required of every member that she must be a Communicant of the Church of England. She must honestly believe that the "Church of England" is "The Church" in England. Believing this, she will be enthusiastic for her Church. And she will show forth this enthusiasm in the exercise of her

¹ Guild Manual, p. 10.

Profession. And this, perhaps, in two ways:—she will, when possible, secure the Sacrament of Baptism for the children, and the Blessed Sacrament for the sick and dying. It is in Baptism that the children are safely placed in the Arms of the great Child-Lover. "It is certain," says the Prayer Book, "that children which are Baptized, dying before they commit actual sin, are undoubtedly saved."2 The Church does not say that a child dying unbaptized is undoubtedly lost. What the Church does say is, that a child dying after it is baptized, and before it commits wilful sin, is undoubtedly saved. And you may be the means of securing this "undoubted certainty" for the child: you—the Nurse, and often no one but the Nurse-may get permission to send for a Priest; you-if the child is dying and no Priest can be had-may yourself baptize it with water, in the Name of the Blessed Trinity. Happy Nurse! to be able, as a Nurse, in the exercise of her profession, to secure the "undoubted certainty" of a little one's salvation. So, too, with the Blessed Sacrament. "She must be a Communicant." Why? Surely because "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ," dwelling in her, alone can fill her heart with that permanent sense of the sacredness of the human body which Nurses so easily lose. It is the Communicant-Nurse who best can realise "who visit the

1 Guild Manual, p. 7.

² Rubric after Public Baptism of Infants.

sick, visit Christ; who touch their wounds, touch His," 1 It is the Communicant who best can hear Him whisper over each patient, "Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself;2 you are tending Me." Yes! "She must be a Communicant," because the Chalice is the true well—and "the well is deep" -from whence she can ever draw the life-gladdening enthusiasm which no routine and no unloveliness can kill. "She must be a Communicant." because the only work fit to be offered on the Altar is work which has come from the Altar. "She must be a Communicant," and if she is a Communicant herself she will long with a great longing to secure the Communion for the Sick and Dying. This is her privilege—that she, and often no one else, can suggest and provide for a soul a "provision by the way." Happy Nurse! to be able, as a Nurse, in the exercise of her profession, to secure the last Sacrament for a soul as it passes out of that body which she has tended. "She must be a Communicant." So will the glow from her own Communions be communicated to others, and they too will catch enthusiasm of her burning heart—of "God in" her.

(2) Nursing. Care very much about the tone of your Profession. A Nurse must believe that Nursing is the highest life possible for her. Only so can she maintain the standard which the Guild puts before her for "so high and sacred an employment."³

¹ Guild Manual. 2 St. Luke xxiv. 39. 1 Preface.

Think of Hospital Nursing. What is the ideal of a Hospital? Hospital, Hospitality, Host (or Hostess), all come from the same root, and all have a common origin in Hospes, "a guest." The ideal of a Hospital is that of a Guest-House. Maison Dieu was the name of the earliest known European Hospital. A Hospital, then, is God's Guest-House. The Matron is the Hostess-the "Matrona," the "Mater," the "Mother," of the house; and like the ideal Mother, she will be a Mater Misericordia, and all that this means. The Sisters, the Staff Nurses, the Nurses, are her representatives—daughters of the house, acting for the Hostess, in charge of her guests. The patients are the guests. What follows? Courtesy from each to each, and each to all: courtesy from Sister to Sister, courtesy from Nurse to Nurse; courtesy from Sister to Nurse, from Nurse to Sister; courtesy from Sister and Nurse to Probationer, from Probationer to Sister and Nurse; courtesy to all the "guests," who in turn will return it, perhaps half unconsciously, to all about them. A heavy responsibility rests upon every Matron, every Sister, and every Nurse to raise, maintain and hand down the tone of her Hospital as "making for the ideal." It is only to be done by means of religion; by making Christ the Central Power in the House; by daily

realising Christ is the Head of this House,
The unseen Guest at every meal,
The silent Listener to every conversation.

(3) The Guild. It is worth being enthusiastic about. Wherever I go I seem to find a Guild Nurse: wherever I find a Guild Nurse I look for the highest type of Nurse. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the tone of the Nursing Profession is to some large extent in the hands of the Nursing Guilds. What is their special work just now? It is to win back for Nursing that high enthusiasm which the Profession, as a Profession, has lost. Nurses, as a body, are not what they were some years ago, after the great revival of the Nursing ideal. We have lost one position in the battle-field, one battle in a long campaign. The demand for numbers will largely account for it. There is nothing to depress us, but there is everything to put us on our mettle. There is no cause for despair, but there is wisdom in facing facts. "The general public," said a newspaper article the other day, "are losing their respect for the Nursing Profession." Well! if that is the feeling of "the general public"-surely not an overstrict critic!-we must not go to sleep. If it is true that we have lost a position, it is for Guild Nurses to recover it. You can do it, and you must. One of the early Fathers said that if every Churchman was wholly faithful for a whole twenty-four hours, the whole world would be converted in the next twentyfour hours. And we may say that if the whole Guild was wholly faithful for twenty-four hours, the whole Nursing world would be won to Christ in the next

twenty-four hours. You can help. How? I appeal to the Private Nurses. A private Nurse goes into a house. There are the parents. Her presentment of a Nurse's life will influence them for or against offering their daughters for the Nursing profession. There are the daughters. It is from among them that the next generation of Nurses will be drawn. Your life will influence the estimate which they will put upon the Nursing Vocation. Here is your chance: upon you depends the tone of the next year's, the next generation of Nurses. The Guild exists to help you. Be true to it; and in three ways: (1) Use the "daily prayer" daily. You have promised to say it: it is mean to break a promise. (2) Read the Guild Manual Preface at least once a month. If you can deliberately lower your standard after reading it!-Well! but you can't! (3) Never wilfully miss a Guild Meeting. The Monthly Meetings keep alive the spirit of enthusiasm. They link together the Anniversary Meetings, just as ejaculatory prayer links together Morning and Evening prayers; as weekly or monthly Communions link together first and last Communion. There is, too, the numerical aspect of a Guild meeting. We can make too little as well as too much of mere "numbers." Numbers create enthusiasm; the special enthusiasm which is promised when two or three are gathered together-the enthusiasm of the burning heart.

"Did not our heart burn?" Why does this burning

so often die down in us? There are many reasons: the deadness of routine; the over-tired body; and so on: but there is one special reason we will speak of now. Others have sneered our enthusiasm out of us, There is a tendency among senior Nurses to sneer at the enthusiasm of the younger ones. It is a very real responsibility to laugh real enthusiasm out of anybody. The sentimentality of some young Probationer may seem very ridiculous to some old Sister or Nurse. Let that one take care that in legitimate and healthy teasing, in "knocking-out" silly sentimentalism, she does not damp the genuine enthusiasm which she herself has lost and, perhaps, longs to have again. Better "let both grow together" than pluck up the true with the false. Enthusiasm is a special gift from God to carry us over certain currents in life. Never spoil another's enthusiasm: it may be "God in" her.

"Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us by the way?" Talking with Jesus! There is no other way of catching the inspiration of a lasting enthusiasm. It is the happy simplicity of Faith that it takes hearts straight to Jesus. "When Jesus is present all is well, and nothing seems difficult. When Jesus is absent all is hard." So wrote the Author of the *Imitation of Christ*; and he might have been writing to Nurses on the story of the Burning Heart.

HOGARTH'S PICTURE AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL

M OST of us have seen the picture painted in 1736 by Hogarth, on the walls of St. Bartholomew's Court House. The picture is an original, and the only copy of it is at the Foundling Hospital. It represents four subjects:—

- (1) The Good Samaritan.
- (2) The Pool of Bethesda.
- (3) Rahere, the Founder of the Hospital.
- (4) A Monk meeting a sick man on a stretcher. Each panel will give us a thought.
- (1) The Good Samaritan. "And by chance there came down a certain Priest that way." By chance! Here is our thought. "Life," we say, "is made up of chances"; and we act upon the saying. Even religious persons will open their Bibles at random, and let a chance text dictate a course of action which only persevering prayer and common-sense should dictate. Again, we are told that "Marriage is a lottery," a chance which may turn out well or ill, just a "toss-up"; and because we accustom ourselves to such clap-trap, we lower the ideal of Marriage

from a Sacrament to a game of chance, which often leads to a bankruptcy of happiness, and ends in the Divorce Court. There is no such thing as chance, as we use the word. The Greek word translated "by chance" in the parable, means a "coming together, or a concurrence, of events." Notice this "concurrence of events" in the story of the Good Samaritan. First there was the early training and call of the Priest; then the "chance" that he was attached to the Temple at Jerusalem; that it was his turn to minister in the Temple on that day; that he was on the same road at the same time as the wounded man: then there is the history of the traveller; then the career of each of the thieves, how and when he became a thief, what the chances were that each should meet the other, and be concerned in the same robbery, and so on. "By chance" means that a directing mind and a guiding hand were bringing all these events together, and that the issue was the story of the Good Samaritan.

And so it is in our own lives. "By chance" we travel, or do not travel, by the train or ship which is wrecked; "by chance" we meet someone who shapes the whole of our future; "by chance" we read or hear something which exposes the emptiness and waste of our lives, and whispers "live for God." We may use the words if we realise their meaning, and see God's purpose in each detail of life, believing that a Divinely-ordered "concurrence of events" has

issued in what seems only "chance." It makes all the difference to our happiness if we look at chance events as ordered laws. Man's chance is God's skill, Bring the thought into your own lives. You have a particular patient in a ward. Trace the chances. Years ago, perhaps, you were called to be a Nurse; led to select that particular hospital; chanced to be on duty in that particular ward, at that particular time, when that particular case happened to be brought in. See the intricate web of events which brought nurse and patient together to act and re-act upon each other's lives! Or, you are private nursing; a call comes; you chance to be in; you are selected for the case, and enter a new household with all its needs, interests, and history; by a strange "concurrence of events" you are brought into touch with entirely new surroundings, and "the solemn recollection supervenes that powers were formed, and life preserved and circumstances arranged, and actions controlled, that thus it should be."1

Your lesson is this: Don't lose life's "chances" for yourself or for others. Every case is a chance. A disagreeable case may be the discipline needed to refine your character. "Grasp your nettle, and it won't sting you." A bright case may be just that little bit of sunshine which is sent to warm you out of a lukewarm state, to tide you over some private worry, to recover your physical or spiritual health.

¹ Dean Church.

"If you will receive it, this (particular case) is that Elias which was for to come" and train you, and others through you.

The Priest in our picture had and lost his chance—to "take care of" the wounded man. To "take care of" others is a chance which comes to you more often than to most of us. Nurses are caretakers of the body. And just as in the temple at Jerusalem each caretaker had his own work to do, so has each caretaker of the "temple of the Holy Ghost." It is only by realising what you are and what your work is, and by believing in the "wisdom which reaches from end to end, strongly and sweetly disposing all things," that you can aspire to find your names written in the long list of God's Good Samaritans.

(2) The Pool of Bethesda. Hogarth's painting suggests a mental rest. The miracle lands us in, and lifts us out of mental difficulties which tell of the rest there is in being children of the Church. How can you and I, in our busy lives, and with our imperfect education, decide whether this or that miracle is true? The Church, speaking through the best minds of the best ages, and guided by the Holy Ghost, decides for us, and we restfully accept her decision. Take one thought. Learn the danger of spiritual sloth from the paralytic's physical impotence. "Wilt thou be made whole?" What a strangely useless question it seems! But is it so in

¹ Wisdom viii. I.

your experience? Acquiescence leads to quiescence. The "I can't" of the hysterical indicates the only reason why they can't. They don't really wish to do that which they could do if they willed. It is so spiritually. "Wilt thou be made whole?" Wilt thou be made more whole-hearted, more wholly self-surrendered, more recollected, more self-restrained in thought and manner, more regular and concentrated in prayer, more Christ-like in thy life? "Of course," we reply. Not a bit of it! Ah! we are so full of spiritual hysteria that, with all our fancied longings, we don't make any honest effort to be what we could be. No effort, no cure! That is the rule of spiritual as of physical impotence. It was in the act of rising that the man who could not rise, arose and walked. It is in the very effort to do what Satan and our own laziness tell us we can't do, that we find our paralysed wills energised and made whole. Always remember that, with God's help, we can if we will.

(3) Rahere. "A wit or minstrel of the Court of Henry I., who in contrition for an ill-spent life in his early days, founded the Hospital of St. Bartholomew's,¹ at Smithfield (1123)."

Hogarth has painted two scenes in Rahere's life now so faded that they can only be seen on a bright morning. Rahere is seen asleep, evidently dreaming of the Hospital he wishes to found: then, he is seen,

¹ Dugdale, vol. vi. p. 291.

with his dream realised, laying the foundation stone of St. Bartholomew's.

Dreams are sometimes realised—though generally in unlooked-for ways. For instance: We have all had our dream of happiness. We look back and remember it in the days of long ago. What plans we made! what castles we built! We meant—some of us-to do so much, and to do it so unselfishly, and it was to be all for God. And what has become of our dream? It is realised. Life is not all full of unrealised dreams. We are happy; we are working hard for the Master. To be a Priest! a Sister! a Nurse! This was our dream. It is realised. In spite of ourselves, in spite of others, it has come to pass. But how different it is from our conception of it - different but none the less real. Different! Yes! Dante does not marry Beatrice, but was the dream inspired by his child-love less real, less useful, because it changed as he changed? Different! Yes! but how much better!

"God his promise will perform
To the very letter.
Things are never what they seem,
Oh, but how much better."

Yes, life is not all grim, we are very happy in our realised dreams. Thanks be to God.

And there is, as Hogarth reminds us, the Founder's Dream. It is great to be a Founder—great to found

¹ A. Gurney.

a Hospital, a Community, a College, a Scholarship. It is great to be a St. Teresa, founding her thirtytwo Convents; great to be St. Benedict, patriarch of all the Benedictine communities; great to be St. Bernard or St. Bruno, ancestors of the Cistercians and Carthusians. But our greatness is not as theirs. Our dream in life is perhaps to lay the foundationstone of happiness in another's life, to restore some physical or moral ruin, to be like Haggai "the Lord's messenger in the Lord's message"1 to one here and another there. It seems to be the life-work of some to inspire others to begin again, and then to disappear themselves; to deliver a message, and then, like Gabriel, to depart from those to whom the message was delivered. The reformer must not expect to see the reformation. This may be your work in the changing, wandering life you often have to lead. If so, it is a noble one. It is the founder's dream. May it be realised.

(4) A Monk, with girdle, beads, and crucifix, meets a sick man on a stretcher. The monk symbolises religion, the sick man typifies medicine. Religion and science are always meeting, if each is pure; or rather they are two sciences wedded together by the one God from Whom each comes. The history of your profession and mine illustrates this union. In heathen days the pagan medicine-man believes he must propitiate the evil Spirits before he

can cure his patient. In early Christian Hospitals, the Priest is the Resident-Surgeon. The Monk is the Doctor of the Middle Ages. In France, Physicians of the University of Paris were, as Celibate Priest-doctors, forbidden to marry as late as 1452. In England, a statute of Henry VIII. enacted that "No person in London or seven miles thereof, practise as a physician or Surgeon without examination and licence by the Bishop of London or Dean of St. Paul's, duly assisted by the Faculty, or beyond those limits without a licence from the Bishop of London or his Vicar-General similarly assisted." Even in this century the Archbishop of Canterbury has used the power which he holds to-day of granting M.D. diplomas.

It is our privilege to preserve and emphasise this union and oneness, remembering the dictum of Pasteur, that "a little science drives men away from God, but a great deal of science drives them back again."

Hogarth died in 1764; and his picture speaks to us to-day from the walls of a London Hospital. The picture of our lives will speak to others many a long year after we have entered into rest. What will it say?

REWARDS

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor (sick) and needy: the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble."—Ps. xli. 1-3.

CPECIAL vocations have special beatitudes. There is a beatitude for the considerate as well as for the pure, the poor, or the peacemakers. And it cheers us-who so often have to cheer othersto remember that if nursing involves special risks, and incurs special liabilities, it has the promise of special rewards. As it is said the insect takes its colour from the leaf it feeds upon, so our life is largely coloured by our work, and the thoughts we draw from it. We are not expected to go on working in a dry, cheerless routine, as if all life were black-edged. From the very Font of life we ask that the newlybaptized may be everlastingly rewarded; and in the last collect of the Christian year we pray that the faithful, "plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may be plenteously rewarded." We may then fearlessly dwell upon God's delight in rewarding faithful service. We must not of course think to bargain with God to do so much work for so much pay. The very wish and power to work are His free

gift alone. God enables us to accomplish what He inspires us to do. But "He who made the human heart is the best judge of what it requires, and His Word constantly sets before us everlasting happiness as the motive for rousing all our energies."1 There are, you see, two sides of this truth. Each side is illustrated by the story of Dr. Neale's last illness. "In his last hours nothing comforted him more than the first and third verses of this 41st Psalm More than once when his faith was weak his wife would remind him of God's promise to those who consider the sick and needy. He had, she would remind him, tried (with many falls) to make use of this gift of consideration for others, and now he might take God at His word and believe that He would deliver him out of all his troubles. This was one side. But as the end drew near he would say. 'Don't read that first verse'; for his will was to lie very low, and to found no claim on anything he had done."2 This was the other side. "When we have done all, we are unprofitable servants," but "Whosoever is a doer that worketh, this man shall be blest in his doing."3 Only he who can say-

"Nothing in my hand I bring"

can claim the beatitude of "the doers."

Let us meditate on three points:

I. God's generosity postulates man's beatitude. When

* St James i. 25, R.V.

¹ Bishop Kay. ² "Good-bye," a Sermon by E. J. B.

God created man His generosity had an object on which to expend itself. Thus, God's generosity sees in every man the image of "the Man Whom the King delighteth to honour." There is a danger lest "we make His love too narrow by false limits of our own," and dwarf the Royalty of His largesses by our own niggardly conception of His munificence. We cannot estimate His generosity unless we anticipate our beatitude. God delights in His own generosity, and it is for us to revel in the consciousness of it.

II. The reward corresponds with the work. This 41st Psalm seems to hint at some divine correspondence between the character of the work and the nature of the reward. As Naomi blessed her daughters-in-law, saying, "The Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and me"; as the beatitude of the merciful is that they shall obtain mercy, so the beatitude of the considerate is that they shall be considered. It almost seems as if God punished and rewarded like with like. Cain kills Abel and bears the unbearable punishment of seeing a murderer in everyone he meets.2 "All they that take the sword, shall perish by the sword"; "The tongue is a fire . . . and is set on fire." And so with rewards. "He that watereth others shall be watered himself"; "Whosoever shall confess Me, him will I confess"; "Blessed is he that considereth

¹ Esther vi. 6.

² Gen. iv. 14.

the sick; the Lord comfort him when he lieth sick." And sometimes even now we see that thoughtful attention for others wins the reward of being thought of. The nurse who spends herself in "considering" some "poor and needy" patient shall in turn, if God will, be delivered and "kept alive" to help those who need her, or until she is sufficiently refined to enjoy the society of the Blessed in Paradise. Blessed are the nurses, for they shall be nursed. The nurse's reward will be for the nurse's life. When the reward shall come, how and in what proportion works and rewards are related, and why the promise so often seems to fail, we must leave to Him Who alone can interpret the existence of sickness and the very need of nurses.

"God is His own interpreter, And He will make it plain."

We take it, or rather Him, on trust, and make our own the promise of the king in the carol—

"He who now shall bless the poor Shall himself find blessing."

III. The Beatitude will transcend the work. Not only shall we receive "the due reward of our deeds," but the harvest will be out of all proportion to the sowing. God multiplies whatever He touches. The "five pounds," honestly traded with, win "five cities," with their costly treasures and wealth of life. Faithfulness in "very little" wins, through His merits, the rule over "ten cities," with all the glorious oppor-

tunities of making them like unto the City of God. While then we say our "non nobis"-"not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name be the praise"-for anything we have done we believe that our true Solomon will "give us of His royal bounty" royally: while we say with Jacob "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies which Thou hast showed unto Thy servant," we believe that He Who "giveth to all liberally" will "deal bountifully with His servants": while we dare not say "what shall we therefore have?" because we have done or sacrificed this or that for Christ, we believe that "not one thing we have done in any one day for God will lose its reward; not one kind word or act done for the love of Jesus, but we shall find it There; not one fear or anxiety borne for His sake but it is stored up for us There" 1-There where He Himself, "the Rewarder," will be our "exceeding great reward": There where the beatitude will be nothing less than the Beatific Vision: There in that land of Rewards "where there is Gold, and the Gold of that Land is good."3

If the motive is pure the reward is guaranteed. As Boaz said to Ruth, so we say to each of you, "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given to thee." 4

¹ Unpublished letters of Dr. Pusey's. ² Heb. xi. 6.

⁸ Gen. ii. 11, 12. ⁴ Ruth ii. 12.

SERVICE

"SERVANTS of the Most High God!" Nurses need aspire to no higher title. In the ministry of love "he that is chief" is "he that doth serve." Meditate upon "Service"—upon what it is to be associated with Jesus in the ministry of love.

First, consider the Royalty of Service. "Cui servire regnare est"—"Whom to serve is to reign": for such is the more beautiful translation of the vivid paradox which the Prayer Book translators have rendered "whose service is perfect freedom." "His servants shall do Him service . . . and they shall reign for ever and ever:" such is the vision of service entrusted to the beloved disciple for the encouragement of the infant Church. "I am in the midst of you as He that serveth": such is the ideal which the Master, in His own Person, put before us. And ever since He, the Son of the Most High God, humbled Himself and took upon Him the form of a servant; ever since He, the Son of the Highest, became the foster-son of the Carpenter; ever since

¹ See Dan. iii. 26; Acts xvi. 17.

² Rev. xxii. 3, 5.

He, "very God of very God," took a towel "and girded Himself, and began to wash His disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded," all service has been transfigured, and clothed with the Robe of Royalty. There is a special royalty in women's service. "Ecce Ancilla Domini"-" Behold the handmaid of the Lord." Was St. Mary less a queen because she was a handmaid in the Royal household? Are you? Every ward in a hospital, every room in a house, is part of the Royal Household of the Great King; every act of ministering love is Court service. We must be very tenacious then in upholding the dignity of our work. "My work is for the King." 1 How often we speak slightingly of our profession, as though we were half ashamed of it. "Of course," we say, "I'm not obliged to work; I needn't nurse. I only take it up for something to do, or because I can't get on at home"; and so forth-thus lowering the dignity of one of the highest callings to the doubtful honour of an unworthy alternative. So again, it is not an unknown weakness for us to be far more touchy about our social status than about the dignity of our profession; and so just possibly we miss the work we may be sent to do. Take, for instance, work amongst servants. From time to time you are sent to nurse in houses, hotels, on board ship, in institutions. In such places the real lady-

¹ Ps. xlv. I (R. V.).

nurse is she who most impresses her "fellowservants" with the dignity of service, and with the royalty of her profession. We shall not mind what people think of us and our position in society if we are minding what they think of our ministry as "servants of the Most High God."

Secondly, consider the *Demands of Service*. These demands meet us, as they met our Master, both in our private and public spheres of work.

- (i.) Each of us has our own private family life, with, maybe, demands on our time, our purse, or our sympathy-and no public duty, no professional work, can entirely relieve us of our duty towards our relations. A nurse, e.g., has her duty to her parents as much as the brother or sister left at home. The sphere of duty may be changed, but the duty is not cancelled. "To love, honour, and succour my father and mother": these three duties are yours: how are you fulfilling them? Have you not sometimes given yourselves "french leave" to be "off duty" with regard to home life? More especially is it our duty to honour our parents if they are in Paradise, and to do nothing which is derogatory to the honour of parents who are in the more immediate presence of the King.
- (ii.) Then there are the demands which the nursing life itself makes upon you. We will think of two.

 (a) Loss of health. Go in thought to the docks at Joppa in Apostolic days. The seaport of Jerusa-

lem, like any modern seaport, had its special dangers from infectious diseases, and from its rough and migratory population. In the time of the Apostles the docks at Joppa were little better than a den of pirates, little less than a plague-stricken district. And there, in the midst of the sailors, there in the thick of the plague, is the figure of a woman:—it is Dorcas, the district nurse. She has endeared herself to her people for many a long day. Who has greater power amongst those seafaring men and their wives and children than Dorcas? As her name signifies, she is beautiful as the gazelle, as she ministers to their wants in scenes strangely at variance with the natural beauties of the place. Well! you all know the story. Dorcas dies. And is that all? If so, then indeed a nurse's life would be of all lives the most miserable. But "her works do follow her." See the anxious speed of the two men sent to fetch the Apostle of healing! See the widows standing round that dear body, vying with each other in telling the story of her love for them, showing the treasured garments which she had worked, crowding the room as though unable to part from her! No hired mourners these women who showed "the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them." And then look on and see the result of her life, her death, her resurrection. "And it became known throughout all Joppa, and many believed on the Lord." Doubtless she had worked for them in

the intermediate state; doubtless she again spent her life for them after her resurrection, when St. Peter "presented her alive to the saints and widows." Doubtless once again she died for them. So it is, please God, with every nurse who, having ministered faithfully, loses her health—it may be her life—in the course of duty. If she has upheld the royalty of service, many amongst whom she has laboured and has now perhaps forgotten, shall, through her, "believe on the Lord," and live to and for Him. No single act which costs us anything is void of fruit.

(b) Loss of spirits. Long hours of standing, overstrained attention, monotony, excitement—each and all tend to depress the natural spirits either by their action or re-action. And then the nurse is apt to become low-spirited, and to go about her work wearing a tragic face and a grim look. A grim nurse is a dreadful thing! She may be very good, very rigid in her ideas of duty, very careful in the smallest details; but unless she can laugh she is only half a nurse. What power there is in the gift of laughter! how infectious it is! how strangely varied in its character. Compare the laugh of the cynic and the laugh of the happy; the laugh of the child chasing a butterfly and the laugh of the drunkard shouting in delirium tremens, the genial laugh which uplifts and cheers all around, and the morose muffled sound of one who is afraid to laugh outright. The Bible

speaks of two kinds of laughter, light-headed laughter,1 and light-hearted laughter.2 Of light-headed laughter the wise man speaks drastically, "I said of laughter, it is mad." The silly, frivolous giggle, the giddy, hysterical laugh, what are they but incipient lunacy? And nothing is more depressing than a silly nurse. She is even worse than a grim nurse! But there is a light-hearted laughter, the outcome of an inner happiness, the result of a hidden experience. "When the Lord turned again the Captivity of Zion, then we were like unto them that dream, then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with joy." 126th Psalm is a true allegory of the soul. heart which has been freed from the captivity of sin, and which knows the peace of pardon through the Precious Blood, cannot but rejoice in the midst of outward trials; for it has a peace which the world cannot touch. When the Lord turned the captivity of the Israelites, and Cyrus let them go free, they lived in a dream which seemed too good to be true, and sent up their songs of thanksgiving ere the journey had scarce begun: so it is with the freed soul: it journeys to the Promised Land with a heart filled with laughter while treading the thorny way. Such laughter is never irritating, never out of place, never jars. Happy she who has learnt the laughter of the light-hearted—whose "heart is ever gay," who has found the true antidote to low spirits: happy

¹ Eccles, ii. 2.

² Ps. cxxvi. 2.

she who can be distressed with private worries, with home griefs, with personal distractions, and yet can go to her work and learn

> "To wear upon the brow no trace Of more than common care; To shew no secret in the face That men may read it there."

Thirdly, consider the Uniform of Service. Each Service has a uniform as the distinguishing mark of its character. So, too, have we-Servi Dei Excelsi. A Royal service must needs have royal robes. See then that you make your uniform respected. It lies almost entirely in your own power to do so. What tales our uniforms could tell! What strange stories should we hear, if the spirits of the departed could return and again inhabit their dress! One word will sum up all there is time to speak of now-Reality. The uniform is a "Habit": a Habit is a dress. So the habits of our life must correspond with the dignity of the Habit which we wear. I have read that an English actress once explained to an American bishop how it was that she looked and felt so entirely at ease in her movements alike in a classic robe or a modern costume. It was, she said, because she became the character she represented. "Become" the characters you represent. "The King's daughter is all glorious within, her raiment is of wrought gold." You will probably be tempted to be unreal in two opposite ways: (1) in appearing to be what you are

not—indifferent, irreligious, callous: (2) in not appearing to be what you are—earnest, sincere, keen about spiritual things. Possibly the latter form is more dangerous for us—the danger of appearing not to be interested in higher things when in a low-toned atmosphere, of appearing not to care whether we make our Communions or not, of assuming a character we do not really mean to represent.

Lastly, consider the Rewards of service. We are allowed to dwell upon rewards. "His servants shall serve Him" for wages.2 Even here there is a subtle temptation close at hand. It is a curious form of pride which loves to be thought independent of all necessity of earning our own living. "I needn't work for my living" we say, or "I must work for my living" we bitterly cry. To "work for our living" is a primary law of the Kingdom of Grace. Why should we be ashamed to work for wages? Some of the noblest of God's hidden saints are paid "by the piece," for work done in a garret, amid surroundings which would overcome most of us. Our work is all piece-work. Every act rises to God as it is done. and is judged whether it is done for Him or for self, brightly or bitterly, honestly or shiftingly. Not of course that we can do anything of ourselves meriting a reward: we have but done that which it was our duty to do. God makes no profit out of us, but out of His Royal Bounty the Great Father which seeth

Rev. xxii. 3.

² The Greek word (λατρεύω) means "to serve for hire."

in secret shall reward us openly. If we "offer an heave offering unto the Lord," then according to the promise, we shall gain our reward. "And ye shall eat it in every place, ye and your households: for it is your reward in return for your service in the tent of meeting." 1 Notice, too, the discriminating character of the rewards. There is the reward of the Prophet, and there is the reward of the righteous man.2 If we are not called out to any special office in the Church or world, then there is the reward which will be given to a simple, straightforward, righteous daily life—the reward of those who simply do their duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call them. We may, then, fearlessly dwell upon the "wages" which Divine Love has in store for His servants. "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." 3 And see: the nurse's wages are the mother's wages; for in the ministry of Love we enter into new spiritual relationship with each other; as it is said, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother."4

And remember this: our "wages" are not only rewards in the future. As we offer our "bounden duty and service" in the Eucharist, we stand before the Altar-Throne as "servants of the Most High

¹ Numb. xviii. 31.

² St. Matt. x. 41.

³ Exod. ii. 9.

⁴ St. Matt. xii. 50.

God," and surely then and there, as we leave the Church, we go back to our work rewarded with new strength and new joy, to meet the new and limitless demands of a service of love; to share more generously home burdens; to bear more bravely personal grievances. Is not one single Communion a foretaste of the servant's promised reward? "And there shall be no more anything accursed, and the Throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein: and His servants shall serve Him for wages, and they shall see His Face . . . and they shall reign for ever and ever."

1 Rev. xxii. 3, 5.

FAITHFUL AND TRUE

"Thine eyes are full of the dust;
If the God of my faith be a liar
Who is it that I shall trust?"—SWINBURNE,

LET God be true. So we have cried again and again, in varying tones, and in varying moods. Someone has proved untrue to us, and, with illogical bitterness, we have cried in our passionate haste, "All men are liars." At such moments, disbelief in one means unbelief in all. But soon, the old human longing for one who is true comes back to us: our thoughts turn upward to "God, the only true God," and we cry, "Let God be true" whoever else is false, And in the cry itself is the answer to questions which the heart will ask-Why should I be treated thus? what have I done that I should suffer? God has allowed our faith to be shaken that He may reveal Himself to us more sweetly as "the Faithful and True." 2 Happy the soul who has weathered the storm, and knows something of the felt joy of conscious surrender to the All-True!

Or, another's unbelief⁸ has infected us with the weariness and lassitude of doubt. No epidemic is so

¹ Rom, iii. 4. ² Rev. xix. 11. ³ Rom. iii. 3-7.

catching as that of doubt. Puzzled and bewildered, we have cried with an exceeding bitter cry, "whom and what is one to believe?" And then the dismal dreariness of doubt itself has made us long for the sunshine of truth, and has driven us back to the old Faith, and the old Story. "Suffer," we cry, as one of our own poets has cried:—

"Suffer, if one of modern mood steals back
Weary and wayworn from the Deser. Road
Of barren thought . . .
Back unto thee, back to thy olive trees,
Thy people and thy story and thy Son,
Mary of Nazareth! So long agone
Bearing us Him Who made our Christendom
And came to save the earth, from Heaven His Home."

Or, the love and loss of popularity has soured us, and exposed to us the unrest of resting in the praise and applause of others. Like Browning's "Patriot"—"an old story" in more senses than one—our path was "Roses, roses all the way";

and then, "in one short year," or more, we had only "just a palsied few" to sing of us, and the bubble burst. Such stings have their uses as well as their smart, if they send us to our knees with the cry, "Let God be true": God neither overrates nor underrates: He, the Incarnate, has sanctified popularity and unpopularity by enduring each. "Hosanna now; to-morrow Crucify." We are what God thinks us.

¹ Sir E. Arnold's Light of the World.

Think of two ways in which God is true.

- (1) God says what He means.
- (2) God means what He says.
- (1) God says what He means. In things necessary, He speaks now as clearly as of old, when, "Thus saith the Lord," or "God spake these words, and said," revealed His will. God is so fair. He never demands obedience to unrevealed conditions. We cannot reproach Him with concealing His will, and then punishing us for want of correspondence. Revelation is always sufficient for its allotted period—and then a fresh revelation is given. God is absolutely true in stating His terms.\footnote{1} He says what He means.
- (2) God means what He says. Satan would have us believe that He means what He doesn't say. Satan is always reading a "not" into God's affirmations. So he tempted Eve—as though God had said, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt not surely die." Eve disbelieved that God meant what He said, and she brought a curse upon the world. Mary believed, and won for the world the beatitude of fidelity. ("Blessed is she that believeth, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord."2) Let God be true.

¹ See Gen. ii. 16, 17; Deut. xxx. 11, 15; St. Matt. vii. 21; xvi. 24-26; xxv. 31 to end; St. John xvi. 1-4, etc.

² St. Luke i. 45.

Again, when God says, The soul that sinneth, it shall die, He means it; and the soul which knowingly and wilfully sins, and goes on sinning to the end, "shall surely die." When God says, We shall all stand before the Judgment Seat of Christ, He means it; none can escape the Divine Scrutiny; all is not over at death ;- "after death the Judgment." When God says He will have all men to be saved. He means it; and not one single soul need be lost. When God says, I have loved thee-thee the sinner, thee the penitent-with an everlasting love, He means it; He hateth nothing that He hath made—not even me. When God says, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, He means it; and not all the foul troops of hell, even at the last supreme moment, shall tear me from Him against His will and mine. When God says, This is My Body; this is my Blood, He means it: and

"I believe whate'er the Son of God hath told;
What the Truth hath spoken that for truth I hold."

When God says, Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted, He means it; and in the ministry of reconciliation I find pardon and peace. God is always and everywhere true. He means what He says.

"Let God be true." He is "the faithful witness."

The value of testimony depends upon the character of the witness. Thus, we accept the Sacred Story of

the Wounded Side, with its eternal consequences, on the testimony of an inspired eye-witness—St. John. "He that saw it bare record, and his record is true"; —and, of the writer's character as a witness, contemporaries said, "This is the disciple which testifieth of these things, and wrote these things, and we know that his testimony is true." So it is with God. God reveals Himself to His children as the "Faithful and True"; as One Who may be trusted, and believed in, utterly and absolutely, "in spite of shake and shock, and puzzle and disaster," in face of seeming injustice and apparent desertion. "Yea, let God be true";—and let us be true; for to be true is to be Godlike.

God says what He means, and means what He says; and

"If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord."—FABER,

³ St. John xix. 34, 35. ² St. John xxi. 24.

NIGHT DUTY

"MAY the Lord Almighty grant thee a quiet night and a perfect end." So run the opening words of Compline, carrying our thoughts at once from the coming night to our last end. "A quiet night!" Who better than a nurse can estimate the meaning of the expression? A perfect end! Who better than she can measure the importance of the words?

Let us meditate upon Night duty.

I. A quiet night! Is there not, as a matter of experience, a strange, unearthly power about the night! Some of us can remember the nameless fear which came upon us, as children, when left alone in the dark. We can still see in thought the old scenes—that dark road we ran along so quickly, racing the deepening shadows; that dark avenue we hastened through, seeing an unreal phantom in every bush and shrub; that dark passage; that dark staircase; that dark room where we, like Job, had "thoughts from the visions of the night when deep sleep falleth on men," and "fear came upon us and trembling

which made all our bones to shake." 1 Surely you know something of this mysterious power of night as you note the patient's changing temperature, or watch the growing restlessness of the insane, and the unquiet picking of the bed-clothes as the night advances or the moon shines brighter. Surely you yourself have felt this wonderful "something" as you have drawn up the blind and looked at the early dawn, and then with a half-shiver, half instinctively turned away-and made a cup of tea! The feeling is indescribable; there is no finding the right word for it; yet there it is-and that is all you can say about it. And this is the feeling and the fact which Revelation recognises and emphasises in the Scriptures chosen by the Church for the Office of Compline. There we meet with the "terror by night," and the promise of angelic protection; there, in the "Short Lesson," we read of our adversary the devil, Prince of the power of darkness, and there, too, we sing the unfading beauties of the Nunc Dimittis, as we echo on from age to age the song of him who had waited and waited through the long night-watches of history for the Light shining in the darkness. And the Church has, at different periods and in different countries, consecrated, as it were, the darkness, by offering the Holy Sacrifice, at certain seasons, at midnight. Thus in the Eastern Church the Mass on Easter Eve is called, in ancient rituals, The Mass for the Holy Night—a name full of suggestions for us in the Western Church whenever a midnight Eucharist is offered to Him to Whom the light and dark are both alike. Think, again, how our Blessed Lord places Himself in touch with us, by night as well as by day, as He rises "a great while before dawn" that He may find time for intercessory prayer. When once the day has begun, a multitude of persons and things will throng Him—there will be no time for quiet then. The multitude go to their own homes, but Jesus goes for the night to the Mount of Olives. While others sleep, He watches. He kneels there, the Sentinel of humanity, the Representative of His Church by night.

Here is the night-nurse's lesson. She too may be the representative of the Church by night, God's night-watch, carrying on the ceaseless round of work and prayer without break or intermission. It is by no mere chance that you are told off for night duty. There is a purpose in it. To you is entrusted the night Service of the Church Militant.

"All through the long bright Day
There is no silence, for at every hour
Some soul is praising God . . .
But who shall praise God in the Night?
The Night that lays her fingers on the lips
Of men, and hushes them to something like
The calm of Death . . .
Ah! Who shall praise Him in the Night?"

Who? Another Compline Psalm, the shortest and fullest of them all, shall answer the question. "Behold now, praise the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord; ye that by night stand in the house of the Lord." Picture the scene of this 134th Psalm. The day services in the Temple are over, the notes of the singers have died away, and the last of the worshippers who thronged the Temple and its courts has left the sacred building; only the Priests and Levites, the "Servants of the Lord," are left, and they are preparing to leave for the night. And now from another gate a new band of Priests and Levites enters the Temple, and meets the retiring company. Who are these? They are the night-watchers. To them is entrusted the twofold duty of keeping alight the fire on the altar of burnt-offering, and saying the appointed night-offices of the Temple. As the two bands meet, the outgoing Priests raise their voices, and bid the new-comers carry on the round of work and worship-"Ye that by night . . . lift up your hands in the Sanctuary and praise the Lord." So they pass out of the Temple to the responding blessing of the entering night-guard-"The Lord . . . give thee blessing out of Zion." Before long, the Captain of the Temple Guard will make his night round, and woe to the faithless priest who has fallen asleep or left his post. For such an one the punishment will be, that his clothes shall be burnt on him; while the

faithful guard shall win the benediction—"blessed is he that keepeth his garments."1

The picture reveals an ideal to all who are called to "night duty." As that little company of Priests and Levites represented the whole Body of the faithful, so may you. And this in two ways. By work-to keep the fire burning on the altar of burntoffering; to spend perhaps the whole night in active work, in ceaseless attention to little details-in changing fomentations, keeping fires up, etc., in a word in "night duty." Such, all the night long, may be the highest possible service you can render; and, as such, it will be marked with the King's own signet, it will be initialed with the Sacred Monogram. Are you not "servants of the Lord," standing "by night in the house of the Lord"? We—the whole Church entrust this "night duty" to you, and you, on our behalf, must, as representatives of the whole Body, perform it faithfully. Thus may you turn some house of luxury, some house of poverty, some house of sin, into a veritable "house of the Lord."

Then again there is the "night duty" of prayer and praise. "Ecce nunc"—"Behold, now praise the Lord." There come nights when a nurse does get time to read and pray, and meditate. At times the effort is intense; at other times it is the only thing to be done. And who can say what may be the unknown effect of the night duty of night-prayer? It

may be uttered in some out-of-the-way village, some wealthy house, or teeming slum, and the Last Day alone will reveal its efficacy. Will it give a "quiet night" to some unseen struggler, or some sufferer entrusted to you? Who can say? It is worth trying. "Lift up your hands in the Sanctuary" of the sick room, "and praise the Lord."

If, then, you are told off to be guardians of the night, see with what careful preparation you, like the Temple Priests of old, should meet the outgoing day-nurse, and take up your work. There is always a temptation to get slack, and to neglect or hurry over night devotions before leaving one's room. The surroundings, the noises, the hundred-and-one distractions of a house in the evening, tend to make night prayers more difficult than morning prayers. Before going on night duty, then, be scrupulously careful about your Bible reading and regular private prayers, and so go forth fully armed, ready to "relieve guard," and to be found watching when the Great Captain makes His night-round. "Blessed is he who keepeth his garments." Blessed is that nurse whose life is the inner manifestation of her outward uniform.

II. But there is a mystical darkness in life as real and mysterious as the natural darkness. There is, for instance, darkness intellectual and spiritual. God give us a quiet night and a perfect end in each.

(i.) Intellectual darkness. Perhaps priests and

nurses meet the spirits of doubt and scepticism more closely than most people. Now there are three hints which we may find useful when these doubts assail us from within or from without,

(a) Accept the position. If any doubts as to the Being of God, the Faith, the Bible, the Church, are suggested, at once, and frankly, accept the position. Do not pretend that we can give, here and now, an answer to every real or fancied objection. If the disciples found problems so obscure that they asked our Lord to "tell them plainly" this or that mystery, we may be sure that we shall need much asking and pleading before we see clearly ourselves. We are not supposed to find a ready-made answer to every question which even an honest doubter, much more a cynical sceptic, may ask. But on the other hand, do not think that there is no answer because we cannot find it at present. An unanswered objection is not necessarily an unanswerable argument. We need never be afraid to say straight out, "I don't know!" And, we may add, is it in the region of religion and theology alone that our "I don't know!" has to be said? Look at that little fly crawling up the window. Well! a great naturalist has told us that behind that fly's wings are two small organs looking like white scales. These organs have little or nothing in the nature of wings, and yet if they are injured or lost, flight is impossible. No one has yet discovered in

¹ St. John x. 24.

what way these useless-looking scales are employed in flight. "It is," the writer says, "a striking testimony to the limitation of our knowledge that the world of science should be utterly baffled by a mystery in the structure of one of the commonest of common insects." But we do not tell our scientific friends that there is no solution to the problem. We only admit and point to the fact that there is no solution discoverable as yet. So it is in religious and moral perplexities, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. . . ."

- (b) Welcome the position. "What I do," says God. I do not want to understand the infinite mind and plans of God yet, and with my puny, finite intellect. A God that I can understand fully now would not satisfy me hereafter. It is part of my joy in the present to know that one joy in the future will consist in the endless satisfaction of ceaselessly expanding intellectual attainments. Therefore I do more than accept—I welcome the position of intellectual limitation and moral darkness now, and here, on earth.
- (c) Hold the position. Don't be afraid of being alone in the dark! Don't shirk real difficulties, but don't conjure up ghosts. Look back, and look on. Look back, and you will see that most modern difficulties are very ancient ones. Look on, and you will see, by faith, the explanation flashed out from the City of Light. Look back, and you

will find all that you really need to live by in Revelation and the Creeds of the Church. Look on, and you will see yourself walking in Paradise, in the fuller light of the Lamp of Truth. "Thou shalt know hereafter," for "there shall be no night there." But now, in the words of Isaiah, "we wait for light."

(ii.) Spiritual darkness. Both in the higher and lower reaches of life there is a soul-darkness through which all must pass. The poor would-be suicide who is brought into the hospital tired of life and callous of death, and the depressed saint who has dwelt under his Master's shadow with great delight, each in his degree must know something of this interior darkness. It is the soul's Tenebræ. One by one the candles are put out, and the chamber of the soul gets darker and darker, till there is but one light left; and that, too, must disappear. True! but only behind the Altar, alight and burning brightly all the time, waiting to be brought forth, the glorious symbol of the soul's Eastertide and Ascension.

There are two ways in which we may regard the night service of spiritual depression. Spiritual depression is the result of original sin; it may be the result of actual sin. Let it be to you, then, the bugle sounding in the night, summoning you to deeper contrition, and more real penitence. Use

¹ Rev. xxii. 5.

the Penitential Psalms, and "turn unto the Lord your God" with weeping and penitence, and so shall your night of depression be turned into a day of delight. But there is another and brighter thought. Spiritual depression may be an honour thrust upon us, calling us to enter more closely into that aspect of our Lord's life which He describes as "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." To be picked out of the ranks, in company with the chosen three, to walk or kneel with the Master in the Garden of Gethsemane, to share this honour with Him, is surely a matter for thanksgiving. Use then the Te Deum, the Jubilate, the Gloria in Excelsis, praising Him that He has counted you worthy of the closer intimacy to which He has called you. We may go to sleep within a stone's-throw of Jesus, but we may, if we will, keep watch with Him in our passing one hour's depression.

Whatever the origin and cause may be, we must expect night assaults, and be rather surprised when no such assaults are made. "The sentinel in the camp of Jesus must tread many a lonely journey on his night beat, hearing perchance only the sound of his own footsteps, but conscious that on his watchfulness the safety of the whole camp depends." So must we realise how we are called to take our place in the night watch among those sixty "valiant men" guarding the Royal litter from banditti on the way

to Lebanon, of whom it is written, "they all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath a sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night."

"The Priests must serve,
Each in his course, and we must stand in turn
Awake with sorrow, in the Temple dim,
To bless the Lord by night. We will not fear
When we are called at midnight by some stroke
Of sudden pain, to rise and minister
Before the Lord. We, too, will bless His Name
In the solemn Night, and stretch our hands to Him."

There is one other aspect of night duty at which we may just glance—the Beauty of night-service. It is the King's secret service, and a type of the hidden life. Night-watchers are chosen for secret service. Indeed, day and night, your lives are to a very large extent hidden lives. You may scamp a great deal of your work without anyone being the wiser, and you may do countless little acts of service that are simply put down to the duty of a "trained nurse." Where your duty begins and ends no one can tell. You are blamed when you deserve praise; you are praised when your own heart condemns you. Well! see that you make this necessity a virtue. Your lives, of all lives, must be hid with Christ in God. And just as some sick nerve case may awake startled in the night, and gain quiet and confidence from the sight of the nurse close by, so may you gain that "quietness

¹ Cant. iii. 18.

and confidence" (without which no true nurse is really strong) from the realisation of the Presence of God.

"May the Lord Almighty grant you" each in your own work, your own doubts, your own difficulties, your own night duty, "a quiet night and a perfect end."

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